

To Hrs. Dora Hall Hurrell
our lady principal and true
friend this bolume is
lobingly dedicated





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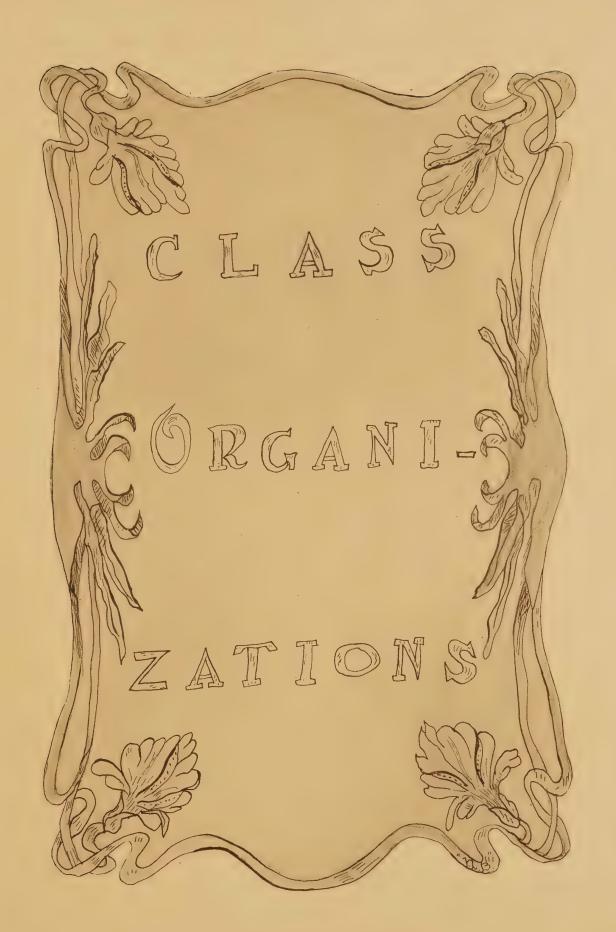
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ever seals



MAE ARLEDGE, Vosburg, Mississippi.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair; But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

President, "Sutton" Tennis Club, '08–'09. Captain of Atalantas, '08–'09. Critic, E. L. S., '08–'09. President, Certificate Class, '08–'09. Secretary and Treasurer, Mississippi Club, '08–'09. Chaplain, E. L. S., '09.



ALMA CRABTREE, Norton, Virginia

"She was a form of life and light, That, seen, became a part of sight; And rose where'er I turned mine eye, The morning star of memory."

President, H. L. S., '06-'07.
President, Y. W. C. A., '06-'07.
Captain of Amazons, '06-'07.
Assistant Business Manager of Pennant, '06-'07.
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Captain of Amazons, '08-'09.
Vice-President, Virginia Club, '08-'09.



CARMEN HAMILTON, Bristol, Tennessee

"There's in you love that we believe of heaven; Amazing brightness, purity and truth, Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

President, T. C. C. Club, '09



CLARICE HAMILTON, Bristol, Tennessee

"She has a pensive beauty; yet not sad; Rather, like minor cadences that glad The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs."



CLARA HARWOOD, Glade Spring, Virginia

"A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Secretary, H. L. S., '06.
Vice-President, H. L. S., '07.
Vice-President, Old Dominion Club, '07-'08.
Secretary, Junior Club, '07-'08.
Corresponding Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '08.
President, H. L. S., '08-'09.
Secretary, Virginia Club, '08-'09.
President, Y. W. C. A., '08-'09.
Associate Editor of Pennant, '08-'09.
President, Senior Class, '08-'09.



BANIE JOHNSTON, Bristol, Tennessee

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

Secretary, H. L. S., '06. Treasurer, Y. W. C. A., '06-'07.



ZIRLETA MATTHEWS, Nagadoches, Texas

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me."

Corresponding Secretary, E. L. S., '06. Secretary, Western Girls' Club, '06–'07. Librarian, E. L. S., '07. Vice-President, Junior Class, '07–'08. President, Texas Club, '07–'08. Treasurer, E. L. S., '09. President, Texas Club, '08–'09.



SADIE RISER, Utica, Mississippi

"Not perfect, nay but full of tender wants.

No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise."

Censor, E. L. S., '06.
Secretary Art Club, '06-'07.
President, Art Club, '07-'08.
Censor, E. L. S., '08.
President, E. L. S., '07-'08.
Treasurer, Y. W. C. A., '07-08.
Art Editor of Pennant, '07-'08.
Vice-President, Y. W. C. A., '08-'09.
Art Editor of Pennant, '08-'09.
President, Mississippi Club, '08-'09.
President, Art Club, '08-'09.



ELIZABETH SNODGRASS, Meadow View, Virginia

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below;
A heart whose love is innocence."

Corresponding Secretary, H. L. S., '08. Treasurer, H. L. S., '08. Athletic Editor of Pennant, '08-'09. Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '08-'09. Vice-President, H. L. S., '09. Vice-President, Senior Class, '08-'09.



EMMA STODDARD, Staunton, Virginia

"Her glossy hair was clustered oe'r a brow Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth."

Assistant Editor of Pennant, '07-'08. President, E. L. S., '07-'08. Secretary, E. L. S., '08. President, Old Dominion Club, '08 '09. President of Tau Sigma Delta, '08 '09. Editor-in-chief of Annual, '08-'09. Valedictorian, '09.



ETHEL WAGNER, Bristol, Virginia

"Her hair, her manners, all who saw admired; Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired: The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed, And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

Business Manager of Pennant, '08-'09. Salutatorian, '09.

Class Song

When life's storms beat around us,
Longing shall bring the tears
For loving ties that bound us;
Half work, half play,
Those care-free days,
With hope's bright beacon shining.
When doubt is past,
There comes at last
The dark cloud's silver lining.
Thus, in the coming years,
When life's storms beat around us,
Longing shall bring the tears
For loving ties that bound us.

Then let us quaff old wine;
Among us breathes no traitor—
Each branch clings to the vine,
Our dear old Alma Mater;
The smiles, the tears,
Of school-girl years
This day shall end forever,
Yet hearts as true
As heaven's blue
Nor life nor death can sever.
Thus, in the coming years,
When life's storms beat around us,
Longing shall bring the tears
Of loving ties that bound us.

Tree Song

O-DAY we meet to plant this tree,
Class of Naughty Nine,
To show our love and loyalty,
Class of Naughty Nine.
And as on high its branches turn,
Our hearts will ever, ever yearn
To enter halls of fame, for thee,
Alma, Alma Mater.

Seven and four our numbers are,
Class of Naughty Nine,
We come from near and come from far,
Class of Naughty Nine.
United are our hearts in praise,
Sending on high our sweetest lays,
To show our love and faith in thee,
Alma, Alma Mater.

We love the place and teachers, too,
Class of Naughty Nine,
And forth we go to dare and do,
Class of Naughty Nine.
Where'er we be, o'er land or sea,
Our hearts will e'er be true to thee,
And in our mind's eye we will see,
Alma, Alma Mater.

The Declaration of Independence

HEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a class of girls to dissolve the bonds of restraint and hard study, which have deprived them of the freedom and pleasures of life, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal privilege of "coming out" to which the laws of society and girlish desires entitle them, a decent respect to the opinion of the student body requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all Seniors are human beings; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, they must have the privilege of choosing when and what to eat, where, when and with whom they take their daily walks, and as to how often they shall have callers; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of Seniors to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new regime, laying its foundation on such principles as to them shall seem most likely to effect their desires and happiness, and for the benefit of the Seniors-to-come.

The class of 1909 has exhibited an incredible amount of patient sufferance. The history of the present rulers, the Faculty of Virginia Institute, is a history of repeated refusals and usurpations. To prove this, let the facts be submitted to a candid world:—

They have refused to assent to regulations most wholesome and necessary for the pleasure of the Seniors;

They have forbidden the passing of laws to prevent the ringing of the cow bell, which disturbs the restful early morning nap;

They have obstructed the pursuit of pleasure by refusing their assent to rules establishing a postal system free from inspection;

They have endeavored to prevent all midnight feasts, and the eating of pickles and cake on most desirable occasions:

They have made the Seniors dependent upon their will alone in fixing "dates" with the young men:

They have refused to pass laws, for the accommodation of the Seniors, to attend all public debates, and accept all invitations to Yale and Harvard;

They have combined with each other to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our desire, and unacknowledged by our wills; giving their assent to all acts of pretended regulation:

For forbidding coffee three times a day:

For cutting off our communication with some Bristol friends:

For imposing upon us demerits without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of a spin in the automobile;

For suspending our privileges, and declaring themselves invested with power to dictate for us in all cases whatsoever.

They have inspected our rooms, criticised our work, subdued our wills, and destroyed our frivolity.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated refusals.

Such tyranny we have patiently endured for nine long months. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their memory of school days to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections. They have turned a deaf ear to our entreaties.

We, therefore, the Seniors of Virginia Institute, do, in the name and by the authority of our exalted conscience, solemnly publish, and declare that we are free and independent beings; that we are absolved from all allegiance to Virginia Institute's crown; and as free and independent girls we have full power to pack our trunks, go to our separate homes, contract alliances, establish institutions, and do all other acts that independent girls may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our sympathy, our good wishes, and our love.

Banie Johnston Carmen Hamilton Plance Hamilton. mae alidge omma Stoddarf

The Prophecy

HALL I ever forget the night of January 26, 1909? I think not. It was in the "wee sma" hours of the night that I awoke with an uncanny sort of feeling, occasioned, as I thought, by the light of the hall streaming through my transom. But after setting up in bed and rubbing my eyes vigorously for a few moments, I noticed that the light was only on the wall directly in front of me, every other part of the room being in utter darkness. I looked more closely and discerned the outline of a hand which was tracing some words on the wall. The movements were slow and deliberate, as if a matter of great importance were being forever settled. I followed closely the characters made by the hand and this is the knowledge they imparted, "Before May 26 thou shalt have a vision of the future of the Class of '09. What thou seest, then, write." While I awaited more information, the hand made itself air into which it vanished and I was left in the dark, thoroughly terrified, but interested nevertheless.

I told no one of my strange experience as I knew by so doing I would only set myself as a target for the ridicule of this class of Senior worthies.

However, the point that troubled me most was when and where to expect this revelation of the future. The time had not been definitely arranged and the place not referred to at all. But mindful of the adage that "all things come to those who wait," I kept my own counsel and waited.

As the weeks lengthened into months and nothing unusual happened I grew anxious and began to despair of being favored by the promised vision of the years to come. So continually did it prey on my mind that one lovely, balmy afternoon in early April, I started for a long stroll over the hills, thinking to relieve my weary brain of the haunting remembrance of the "handwriting on the wall."

I was alone. The mountains, overhung with a blue haze, loomed up in the distance. The birds sang around me, the grass peeped up at my feet as though inquiring if winter had really gone, while the trees, on whose bare branches the buds were beginning to swell, waved gleefully in the fresh spring breeze. On and on I wandered, becoming more and more intoxicated with the spirit of joy and calmness which filled all nature about me. Finally my feet grew weary and I sat down on a mossy bank from which tiny violets were shyly lifting their heads. My mind unconsciously recurred to what had been its constant hobby for almost three months—the promise of the mysterious hand. So absorbed did I become, that leaning my head against a tree that grew on the bank I slept and—did I dream? When I describe it, you may judge for yourself whether or not it was my longed for vision.

In this realm of revelation, I continued the walk I had begun, though how far or in what direction I know not. At last I came to a gate upon which in figures of gold appeared the date 1915. The gate was securely barred, but at my touch it swung back as if by magic. I walked through it and was met by a beautiful woman who took me kindly by the hand as she

said, "I have long been expecting you. Your friends have been here sometime and I have been lingering near the gate anxiously awaiting your coming." I must have looked startled and confused for she said reassuringly, "Do not be astonished, I am your friend, the guardian of the V. I. class of '09. The friends of whose arrival I told you are your classmates. Do you not wish to see them?" Almost too overjoyed for words I could only gasp out, "O—yes,—let me see them—quick!" "Be patient," she answered, "I can take you to only one of them at a time. They are scattered all over this 1915 world, each following her chosen profession, but as you are so eager we shall begin our journey without delay." Calling to a young man whom I mistook for a chauffeur, she said, "Get ready the airship at once. Here is the straggling member of the '09 class for whom I have been waiting so long. She desires to visit her former colleagues and Yoke-fellows and I have granted her request."

In a few moments the aerial machine was ready and we began our journey. I had scarcely gained my equilibrium, which was overthrown by the suddeness and swiftness with which we arose from the ground, before I found myself being put down before a great observatory in Washington. Full of wonder and curiosity I entered the building when whom should I meet but my old room-mate and fellow sufferer, Elizabeth Snodgrass, who had succeeded in adding five more inches to the six-feet-two which she possessed when I last saw her. After climbing a step ladder, which she always kept for the convenience of pigmies, and embracing her, I inquired as to what she had been doing since we parted at V. I. She remarked, very sadly that not being able to find a man to whom she could look up, she chose spinsterhood as a career. She now had a glorious position as head of the observatory. Everything was under her direction and command as she could see in the heavens with her natural eye what other people had to spy out with the telescope. She had already achieved great fame by describing in detail the inhabitants of the North Star.

Proud to learn of the great success of this first member of our class whom I visited I resumed my voyage. This happy frame of mind was not destined to be for long duration for as we were passing through Williamsburg, I was horrified to find myself set down before a large asylum for the insane, located there. While I mused sadly on the fate of these unfortunate people from whom reason had fled there appeared in the doorway a slight form with disheveled hair and untidy garments wildly waving a V. I. pennant. Becoming especially interested to know what part of this precious relic of by-gone days could be playing in a shelter for lunatics, I approached nearer, so engrossed with the sight of the pennant that I failed to notice the bearer till with a voice that chilled my blood and dulled my senses she shrieked, "Have you written that paper for the Annual?" Then for the first time I noticed in her hand a well-worn little note book, which I recognized immediately as the same one poor Emma Stoddard had so faithfully and religiously carried with her every moment of the day, and fearing to loose it had rested her weary head on it at night, while she was editor-in-chief of the Annual for '09. To think that she should come to this! I tried to speak to the poor distracted creature, to turn her thoughts from this dread responsibility but to all my remarks she answered impatiently, "I tell you they must come in. Only one month more and the Annual articles still not ready! Oh, it will drive me crazy; I've already lost so much flesh over it that the bones are literally wearing thin, too. Oh—O, can't the prophecy be in tomorrow?"

Just then the keeper beckoned me to him and told me how the strain of managing the Annual had been too great and that after everything possible had been done for her restoration, but all in vain, she was placed in the asylum by her despairing friends. Here, as at V. I., she ruled with the little skeleton of a note book, the premises being cleared of all other inmates as soon as she appeared.

My guide now reminded me that our machine was in readiness, and no more time could

be allowed for interviewing my unfortunate classmate, so with a farewell sigh I was borne away from the painful scene. This time the trip was longer, in fact we sailed over both sea and land till we came within sight of some tall, rugged mountains. Coming nearer to them and noticing the wildness and grandeur of the scenery, I felt as if by intuition that before me towered those awe inspiring works of nature about which so much has been written and said—the Alps.

As I floated about from peak to peak, I noticed far down the mountain side what appeared to be a human figure in swift motion, evidently in pursuit of something. Descending within range I saw that the figure was that of a woman attired in a suitable mountain climbing costume. She carried a large insect net and was paying little heed to either rock or shrub in her mad chase after a large brilliant colored insect of the butterfly family. She succeeded in entrapping her victim and sank to the ground, out of breath, but with a satisfied giggle, just as I came to earth near her. I could never mistake that giggle and was soon lost to everything but the joy of seeing and hearing Alma Crabtree once more. I soon inquired what she was doing all alone in this wild, rugged region. "Why," she exclaimed, "I'm studying bugology, don't you see my net?" I then inquired if she adopted this as her profession just after leaving V. I., to which she responded in the negative, saying that she first tried "doing" society and was so popular that she had high hopes of speedily obtaining a husband. She was doomed to disappointment, however, for she found that as soon as she fell in love with some handsome young suitor, just fitted to be her Romeo, just as soon did he find his Juliet elsewhere, and poor Alma was set adrift. After two seasons of this exciting and rushing life, during which the number of the suitors who left her for the "other girl" was in constant ratio to the speed with which she could fall in love with them, Alma, worn out and despondent, sought recuperation in travel. While climbing the Alps she found such delightful specimens for nature study and as she had had the taste for all kinds of "ologies," particularly "bugology" instilled into her mind at V. I., she decided to sacrifice her life to the gathering and preserving of these insects in the interest of science.

Just then a curious looking little bug flew past us and without one word of farewell to me, Alma rushed after it. Being thus left alone, I resumed my aerial expedition and soon found myself descending before a neat little peasant church in the heart of Germany to which the gayly dressed country folk were gathering in great numbers. I accosted a fat little German, standing near and asked what event was to take place. In broken English he informed me that one of his countrymen was to be married to a queer little American. This sounded interesting so I entered the church resolved to see this union of one of Uncle Sam's fair daughters to a sturdy German son.

I had not long to wait and as the procession entered the church, to my complete surprise and confusion, I recognized as the bride Sadie Riser. She was resplendent in her V. I. uniform, which was a little the worse for age and wear, and a tiny crown composed of the strands of her gilded Senior tassel. Her partner for life was of a stature which elevated him only to Sadie's shoulder and looked very handsome in a suit of flaming plaid. After the ceremony as everyone else was crowding around to congratulate the happy couple, I made my way forward also. After kissing the bride and being introduced to the groom, I begged Sadie to tell me how she came to be there and what subtle influence caused her to break the record of the '09 spinsters. She told me that after leaving V. I. she began designing annuals for all the leading schools in America and as she had exhausted all the scenes in that great country from which she could obtain ideas for senior sketches, "end pieces," etc., she had come to Germany in search of materials and inspirations. Meeting this little flaxen-haired man, now her husband, she recognized in him prospects for a "cute" model and knowing he would pose for her free

of cost in no other capacity, she decided to marry him. "Won't he be just too dear done in half-tone or pastel," Sadie was saying enthusiastically as I turned to find my machine ready for another flight.

Homesick for America, once more my guide steered straight for New York city. As we approached the harbor I saw what appeared to be a fac-simile of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty. Sailing nearer, I saw there was color in the cheeks and lips, and slight movement of the limbs. Scrutinizing it further I found that the figure was standing on a huge pedestal, with the left hand, which contained nothing so far as I could see, held high above the head. In a moment I recognized the staid and solemn countenance of Clarice Hamilton. Utterly at a loss to know what she could be doing here I hastily inquired and this is what she told me: "Being the eldest member of the '09 class I felt impressed with the responsibility of preserving for future generations the dignity of this body, and wishing not only Americans but all visitors to America to know of it, I could find no better or more conspicuous place than New York harbor. As you know our class stood especially for liberty, or in other words advocated "equal rights to few and special privileges to none but Seniors." I chose this position by the Goddess of Liberty. In my left hand I treasure our dignity, that priceless bit of abstraction which though small in quantity has never in the world's history been equalled in quality." Here Clarice stopped exhausted by her enthusiastic speech, and I continued my way into the center of the great city of New York. I was landed near the door of a fashionable dressmaking and designing establishment. Going in I found Ethel Wagner (could I believe my eyes!) posing as a model and looking supremely happy as she contemplated how charming she looked, arrayed in the latest of Dame Fashion's whimsical creations. Fearing to destroy her lovely pose by causing her to talk I refrained until I remembered that Ethel could use her tongue without moving a single muscle of her face or even opening her teeth. Having this accomplishment of hers in mind, I hastened to learn why this silent profession had been chosen. She told me that a number of valid reasons had convinced her that the position which she now held was the only one she could ever hope to fill successfully. In the first place she r minded me that in '09 she was business manager of the ANNUAL and actually wore her tongue so thin talking up "ads" that she knew a vocation that required talking would be fatal to her power of speech. It was still fashionable to be exceedingly slender, so in this respect, also, her Annual work had peculiarly fitted her for the position now held, for all corpulency had been forever lost during those strenuous times. So in 1910 when New York gained the ascendancy over Paris as the seat of the world's fashions, she had been accepted as a model and now had the high distinction of posing for more fashion plates than any other woman in the world.

I was anxious to hear more of these things so dear to the feminine heart, but the artist who was sketching her seemed somewhat anxious that I leave off recalling to Ethel the history of the past, as he said the bright expression of the face was marred by these reminiscences.

I then bade her farewell and sought my means of transportation. After a few minutes' uneventful sail, I arrived in the bustling city of Chicago.

Having descended in a busy section of the city I found everything in the greatest confusion. A great crowd, consisting mainly of women, were hurrying along, evidently following some leader whom the hastening throng hid from my view. Curious to learn the cause of this commotion I, too, became a follower and pressed onward till a halt was made before a large monument in the center of a public square. Standing upon a projection at one side of the monument I found Zirleta Matthews assuming various "Carrie Nation" attitudes and tones of voice. Wondering if Zirleta were following in the footsteps of that famous temperance fanatic, I drew near enough to catch some words delivered in a shrill, piercing voice. Her enthusiasm

was attested by the use of both hands in promiscuous gesticulation, "Let the tyranny of man be put down," she was saying, "no longer will we bow to him as sovereign. The golden age is at hand! Utopia shall be realized! I know not what you, my countrywomen, may do, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!!" She closed with a grand flourish of the cane she carried, and a wild cheer burst forth from those near her, which was taken up and re-echoed through the assembled crowd.

Who would have ever thought that one of our '09 class should become such a champion for woman suffrage! I pushed my way through the multitude determined to greet, once more, the friend of my school days. She received me enthusiastically and immediately began giving me the plan of her proposed campaign in the interest of woman's rights. She had decided to stump every state before the Presidential election to be held the next year. The nominee of the women had already been placed before the public and 7irleta was convinced, she said, that November, 1916, would mark the everlasting downfall of masculine rule.

At this moment I was swept onward by the surging mass and it was with difficulty that I succeeded in extricating myself and finding my machine. Having done so at last, I renewed my voyage southwestward and did not stop until beneath me I saw the great plains of the "Lone Star State." As I sailed leisurely along, enjoying the peaceful calm of the scenes below, a figure that I supposed to be a cowboy came dashing across the plain on a spirited little broncho. Anxious to obtain a better view of this representative of ranch life I descended and as the rider came swiftly on I discerned a short stout figure dressed in cowboy style with a dark green coat trimmed with yellow fringe, high topped buck skin boots and a broad sombrero, which almost completely concealed the face. Around the waist was a girdle of leather in which two large sized pistols were fastened, while a lasso was in evidence in one hand.

As this supposed cowboy drew nearer I recognized under the wide trimmed hat the smiling countenance of Banie Johnston. She leaped from her broncho and came to greet me. I could not refrain from ejaculations of astonishment at the vocation she had chosen and insisted that she tell me all about it.

She said that soon after leaving school she decided upon a literary career but as of old at V. I., her productions and the titles she chose for them refused to harmonize. "For instance," she said, "in 1910 I was called upon by the clamoring public for a treatise on 'Social Conditions of the Time' and set to work immediately to write it but when I had finished I found, to my amazement, that I had compiled a lengthy discussion of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy." Utterly discouraged and disappointed with herself she had given up entirely the hope of ever becoming a literary genius. Being of an independent disposition she finally decided that on a Texas ranch would be the very place for freedom and happiness and that here she could forget her ambitions and bury her dead hopes of a career.

From the cowboy scenes of Texas I sailed over to Mississippi. As I neared Meridian I saw, on the suburbs of a large field, in the center of which were some large curiously constructed buildings. As I drew nearer I saw, everywhere, over the field hurdle fences, race tracks, foot ball and base ball areas, and last, but by no means least, a great basket ball court. Interested by this novel sight I sailed downward and had no sooner landed than Mae Arledge rushed up to meet me with very much the same kind of outburst that used to characterize her at V. I., when she could say "only a few days more till I board that old vestibule for Mississippi. My, but I'll be happy!" According to custom, I began questioning her as to how fate had served her since we parted. She said that her success had been almost unbounded along the line she had chosen. She had always wished hername to be among the great ones of the twentieth century and through her achievements in the field of athletics she now felt sure that her fame was secure. She had purchased this enormous field, of which I spoke, erected the excellent

gymnasiums in the center and was now chief director and instructor in all the games, of which basket ball took the lead. "Think of the time I wasted at V. I," Mae exclaimed, excitedly, "writing horrid expositions, narratives and descriptions and worrying till my head was in a whirl trying to decide the location of the climax in those stupid plays of Shakespeare!" Here she took me by the arm and conducted me through the buildings and grounds. I was astonished at the feats which I saw being performed. They equalled the "gym" stunts done at V. I. Mae, in the midst of all this was supremely happy and told me enthusiastically that she believed that Sparta, in her palmiest days, could not boast of athletes who surpassed in powers of endurance those under her training. Just at this instant Mae was called upon to settle a dispute between the Atalantas and Amazons, her "scrub" basket ball teams, and I took my leave.

I had been travelling now for some time, in fact had visited a great part of the world, so when I left Mississippi I turned my face toward dear old Virginia. I thought of Bristol and most of all of V. I. and longed to be there again. As I came on I wondered if there would be any of the friends I loved still at V. I. or even in town. I arrived, but the city had so greatly increased in size, that I scarcely knew which way to go. Finally I made my way to the Institute and who should greet me at the door but Carmen Hamilton. She said that since 1910 she had been here in the capacity of Lady Principal. When she finished in '09 she was so nearly wrecked by overwork that she could attempt no heavy duties. Knowing that the position of Lady Principal was an extremely easy and light one, she had obtained it and had remained here ever since. I was very sorry to note that light work did not agree with her as she was paler and thiner than when I last saw her.

Just then a cow bell sounded near me and I awoke to find Brindle eying me suspiciously. Realizing that this was no longer 1915 but 1909, I hurriedly arose and started on my way back to V. I., resolved if possible to save myself from that demerit which I felt was awaiting me if I appeared late for dinner







olel eerlo

Class of 1910

OFFICERS

MOLLIE HEATH CONN			. •			 President
NANNIE CRISMOND					: -	Vice-President
RHEA HUNTER .			٠.			Secretary
KATHERINE TRUMBUL	L			4		Treasurer
DENTON MCKEE .						. Artist

FLOWER American Beauty Rose

Colors
Crimson and Grey

Мотто

"Hitch your wagon to the stars"

MEMBERS

FRANCES ABBOTT	MARY KIMBROUGH
HATTIE ANDERSON	HATTIE LOTT
NANNIE CRISMOND	Belle Lester
MOLLIE HEATH CONN	DENTON MCKEE
MILDRED HOLLOWAY	Mabel Morris
RHEA HUNTER	Bessie Newson
CALLIE JOHNSTON	BIRDIE NEWSON
TRULA KISER	KATHERINE TRUMBULI
	JEANIE WATSON



A Visit to the Junior English Class

HE spirit of old Chaucer Is still about the place, 'And Spencer's allegoric muse, With her archaic grace, Presents the Knight's bold rescue Of that sweet "Fairie Queene;" And Sidney treads the early path Where Marlowe once has been. Then Shakespeare, that great intellect, With tragic attitude, Will meet you at the outer door; In fine dramatic mood Present you to his sonnets— Those sweet love lavs— Ambitious Lady Macbeth And her "hen-pecked" Thane; Romeo, love sick fellow! The "Taming of the Shrew," The "Merry Wives of Windsor," And many another, too. That Puritan, John Milton, Blind, with soul storm tossed, Who ever is lamenting The "Paradise" he lost; And as your soul rises high, Like newly made up yeast, John Dryden invites you to Great "Alexander's Feast!" And Tennyson a toast has To the "Idylls of the King"— For smoothness of English You have a classic thing. Our own Mrs. Anderson Will turn her glass about, And for Wordsworth sav-"a toast!" "Nature's child, without a doubt."

There was honey at this banquet;
There was inspiration's prize.
And when you reach the outer door,
Your Pegasus will surely rise.

BESSIE NEWSON

A Bean Stringing

%

N the late summer of last year I was visiting at the foot of White Top mountain. We received an invitation to a bean stringing to be given at the house of Mr. Josh Blevins. I was anxious to see the much talked of Mr. Blevins, and as a bean stringing had hitherto held no place on my list of amusements, we were glad enough to start promptly at eight. For half a mile perhaps we followed the main road, then began to slowly work our way

up the densely forested mountain. The moon was high, its white radiance, touching everything into mystic beauty, was fairly dazzling. The wonderful serenity and peace of that calm night on the mountain comes back to me still. We stopped often just for the pure joy of taking in that magnificent view below us. One giant peak, impressive in its grandeur, overlooks three states, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina. Finally, after many stops we reached the highest point, 5,620 feet above sea level.

From this dizzy height we looked down into a long, picturesque valley, so fair that it might have been the home of fairies and elves. An almost perpendicular ledge of granite towered high above the surrounding country and extending for several hundred feet up the valley, broke into smaller cliffs and rugged gorges toward the end. On the east,



the mountain sloped gently upward, to the southeast a zigzag pass pointed the way out of the valley. Below us, deep narrow gorges and uneven slopes threw weird shadows in the moonlight. A narrow path led in and out, sometimes lost from view, but always winding slowly downward.

Swaying golden-rod, tall purple asters and flowering shrubs sprang as if by magic from the many crevises in the tall cliff, while on its summit magnificent pines sent out their fragrance



on the still night air. The slope became less steep to the east, and there, too, the giant pines grew, with occasional oaks and chestnuts, whose light foliage was brought out in sharp relief against the dark green of the pines.

To the left the mountain became more rugged again and was for the most part covered by a dense growth of wild shrubbery, except for an occasional oak, towering from some tall cliff and the vines which were clinging to the rocks.

In the valley beneath the precipice nestled a small grey house, the home of our host. A short distance up the valley stood a unique stone springhouse, and the spring which silently crept from under

the mountain was also walled up with stone. Above it a mighty maple spread its sentinel arms, faithful guardian and loving confidant of many a mountain lover. A boy and a girl stood there now, the boy holding a large old-fashioned gourd dipper that the girl might drink.

They were silent as we passed by, but the magic of the night seemed to have gotten into their blood too, for the girl's face was lighted with an unearthly radiance. Below the springhouse the stream rushed wildly over stones, then flowing more gently over the sand, wound slowly through the green fertile valley and out through the pass to the southeast. The faint tinkle of a cow-bell broke the peaceful quiet and brought us suddenly back to the present.

When we arrived at the house we found that it was set so close up under the cliff that the steps leading to the second floor were hewn out of the solid rock. The house itself was built of logs, the main part of it a story and a half high, with a low rambling kitchen built to the right. The odd little front porch had a tiny room built on one end.

Mr. Blevins, our host, sat in an old split

chair by the door. He was a gaunt, rugged man, six feet tall and weighing perhaps a hundred and fifty. His hair was black, scarcely streaked with gray although his beard was almost white, and his kind blue eyes almost closed when he laughed. He wore baggy jeans trousers

with a brown flannel shirt thrown open at the throat. He sat with his chair tilted back, his feet on the banisters, the smoke from his old cob pipe tainting the pure mountain air.

"Howd'ye do boys," said he, rising as we came near, "come right in. You're agittin' here behind

"Howd'ye do boys," said he, rising as we came near, "come right in. You're agittin' here behind time. We've been alookin' fer ve for the last half hour, but they haven't begun yet. Your gal is already here, Bill," he added, laughingly slapping my friend on the shoulder. "Nancy," he called, "here air some more. How's your folks, Bill?" Mrs. Blevins now came forward. She was a small, spare woman, slightly bent, dressed in black calico. with a large gingham apron. She wore a red bandanna handkerchief on her head and a small cape around her shoulders. "Why, here air the Farmer boys!" she exclaimed. "We thought you never wuz a comin'. Come right in. We're powerful glad to see you. And we have a gal fer ye, every blessed one, and work fer ye too. And this is James Paull! I'm mighty glad you've come, Jim. Air you Doc Paull's boy? You don't say! Well,





how did you leave the Doc? Aw, I know your paw mighty well. Me and him is powerful close friends. Do you remember that fall ten years past this comin' fall, that he doctored Matilda when she was took with such a spell of rheumatiz? Come'ere, Tilda. This is Doc Paull's boy Jim. You remember the Doc.''

About the first thing I noticed on entering was a conspicuous couple seated on a bed in a corner to the left. The man was stalwart, rawboned, dressed in jeans and a red flannel shirt with a green tie. The girl wore a blue figured cotton dress with a red sash, and ribbons in her hair. They seemed to have forgotten the other guests. "Sall, honey, sure as the vine clings around the stump, you are my little sugar lump." "Aw, do tell!" A resounding smack followed this exclamation.

I glanced at my surroundings. Directly across from the door was a large old-fashioned fireplace, above which a high "fireboard" flaunted its fancy cut paper drapery. In the left corner behind the door stood a large, high bed, which was now covered with "wrappins." A large antique chest stood on the right hand side of the door, and a tall, old bureau in the corner by the fire. There were several enlarged pictures on the different walls. A "grandfather's" clock stood by the door entering the kitchen. A great many chairs completed the furnishings.

Soon we were told to bring our chairs and come to the kitchen to do the work. The door between the family room and the kitchen was in the middle of the right wall. Opposite this door was another large fireplace, and shining pots and pans hung on either side of it. Everything was in "apple pie" order, spotless throughout. From the rafters hung many strings of pumpkin, beans, apples and red peppers. And there were rows and rows of poles across the rafters on which were hung rounds of pumpkin. On the walls at various places were all sorts of herbs hanging up to dry.

As there were four bushels of beans to be strung we lost no time in getting to work. Each boy was provided with a girl, a large needle, and some coarse white thread. The girls "snapped" the beans, and we strung them on the thread that was given us. After working an hour, and when we had stuck our fingers twice in every available place, we finished with a shout of joy.

The floor was soon cleared and the fun of the evening began. We played several dance games—"Steal Partners," "Skip-come-a-loo," and "Tennessee Snap." Soon we heard our host calling out, "Hoot owl in the cage and pretty bird out. Swing your opposites. Swing your partners. On to the next set. Ladies gosee. Gents the same. Ladies to the center, gents all around," and the dance was in full swing. The music was furnished by the best fiddler in the country, and his son accompanied him on the banjo. They also had a wheezy accordion. They played dozens of old time songs, but "Old Jimmy Sutton" seemed to be the general favorite. But it was not long before whiskey got the best of some of the dancers and they were soon outside fighting over their sweethearts.

During the entire evening snuff reigned supreme among the girls.

When I finally looked at my watch it was two o'clock. After hasty good-nights we started back down the mountain. The moon had waited for us and its pure rays spread abroad a splendor that made us wholly glad to get out into the mountain air again.

D. McKee

Ode to the Honor Roll

(a la Shakespeare)

Oh, when shall we two meet again, The Honor Roll and I? In thunder, lightning, and in rain We sadly said good-bye. The thunder was the teacher's voice So fiercely aimed at me, The lightning flashed from his dark eyes, The rain, my tears, you see. Now, teachers and professors, all, Lend me your ears for once; Tell me why demeriting me Is the favorite of your stunts? That most unkindest one of all The last one of the six, It took me off the Honor Roll And left me in a fix. Alas! and woe is me! I cry As I view the distant goal, Methinks I'll never, never get Upon that Honor Roll!

class 1911

Class of 1911

COLORS
Purple and White

FLOWER Violet

Motto "Not at the top, but climbing"

RUTH WILLIAMS	٠				. President
MADGE SMITH .	4				Vice-President
MARY BROWN SMITH					Secretary
CORA CAMPBELL .					Treasurer

MEMBERS

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HELEN McGHEE	CORINNE PUTNAM
OLYVE ROBERTS	MARGIE SHUMATE
WILLIE SMITH	BLANCHE CLARK
HALLIE FIELDS	RUBY KING
MABEL DULANEY	



A Tale of the Umpqua

30

ESTLED in a beautiful valley of the Coast Range, remote from the busy stir of the city, is an old palatial home. The grand old house, built of light, pressed stone, with its great tower and minor turrets, stands in the eternal gloom of the giant oak and pine. Smaller trees, for the most part dwarfed cedar and cypress which have sprung up since man's restraining hand has been removed, hug the walls of the house and all but block the wide front entrance.

The stables, barns and domestic quarters have never housed the thoroughbred or servant. Quiet holds absolute sway; an air of neglect and wild desolation broods over the place. An old, half sunken wall of red brick divides the house and grounds from the forest. The numerous winding driveways, once flanked by well ordered flowerbeds, are now grown over with weeds and grass, and the exquisite marble fountains are battered, weather beaten and forever dry.

As the first gray of the autumn twilight began to veil the peaceful valley, the owner and sole occupant of this great old house, drew his large comfortable chair before the wide open door. In the great reception hall a log fire blazed on the massive stone hearth and directly in front of it lay a large shaggy shepherd dog, his head resting between his paws, his steady brown eyes intent upon the leaping flames.

Still the man sat in his great arm chair, his head bowed, oblivious of all things earthly. A man of poise and magnificent bearing, he was, with a composure which some possess as a natural heritage, which others obtain only with long social training. His clothes, of very fine material and of a fashionable cut in their day, were much worn and faded. white that it fairly shone, but the greatest charm of his face was his eyes—they were gray, so deep in color as to seem almost black in certain lights and in their depths lay an indescribable something, which instinctively drew people to him. He might have been forty or seventy, but he was undeniably handsome, with a wholesome manly beauty and benignity of countenance that never fades. The years had brought him wealth such as his boyish fancies never dreamed of, yet no personal happiness had come into his life. He had enjoyed wealth only so far as it had enabled him to relieve the wants of the men who worked his rich mines and to bring some measure of cheer into their none too happy lives. The stamp of a sorrow which finds its only relief in relieving the sorrow of others was imprinted upon his every feature. The years had taken with them the load of bitterness and the first sharp pain, and left a man inexpressibly lonely, forever apart from the ways of men, a man who has learned of sorrow how to be kind.

A deep threatening growl from the watchful dog aroused him from his dreaming. He listened. He heard a voice. It drew nearer. Finally from out of the deepening shadows he discerned the figure of a boy, tall, erect, radiant in the strength of youth. He carried a gun, and, walking briskly until within hailing distance, called "Good evening, sir. Can you direct me to the forks of the river? I have been gunning for squirrels and have unconsciously wandered far from camp and I'm afraid I'm lost." The man rose from his chair, and came out on the wide veranda, willing enough to be of aid to the young stranger. "You are not so far from camp after all. But sit down and rest and I'll tell you where you can strike a trail through the woods that in less than hour will take you back to the forks of the river." The boy sat down, the man drew his chair from the door and soon they were talking like old

friends. Some irresistible force seemed to attract the boy to the older man, while he in turn was half fascinated by the youth and boyish frankness of the other. In the lull succeeding the laughter after the recital of a camp incident highly derogatory to the teller's shooting ability, the man asked, "Camped at the forks of the river, eh? Very good place, very." "Yes," answered the boy, "I belong with the geological surveying party which is doing a considerable amount of work in and about Marshal Gulch." "Your father helping you to become acquainted with the work, is he?" "My father died years ago," was the reply. "This is my first field work, I'm rather green at it yet."

The mountain dusk had deepened into night when at last he rose. "Come," said the man. "I've kept you too late." With the faithful dog trotting at his heels, he led the way down the gravel walk that led to a narrow iron gate giving access to the dense wood with its numerous trails. They took a side path that led through a deep canyon and up a steep mountain from whose summit could be seen the bright campfire of the surveying party, while the turbulent waters of the Umpquas could be heard tumbling boisterously over the rocks. Here the man bade the boy a kindly good-night, watched him disappear in the darkness, then slowly retraced his steps through the cool, gray, silent night.

That night was the beginning of a very beautiful friendship between the silent recluse and the young surveyor. The boy came often to the great house after that. Sometime they sat silent upon the veranda step and watched the purple shadows on the mountains; sometimes they talked of books, of life, of the world, of the boy's life, but never of the man's. One calm perfect evening of the Indian summer after they had wandered over the whole house, they sat together in the twilight. "My mother and sister came this morning to visit me. My mother's physician thinks that a change of climate, and the freedom of the West may benefit her health, so I am to have her and my sister out here in the mountains for a few weeks." Then after a pause the boy continued gently, "Somehow this house reminds me of her. It looks as if it might have been intended for her home. Couldn't you tell me why you are living here alone?" The man lifted his eyebrows and glanced away down the cool green glade of the dense woods. An expression of infinite melancholy rested on his grave face. "How different it all might have been!" he said absently, and then rousing himself as if from a dream, his eyes rested upon the boy's face with a wondering hunger mingled with tenderness and fear. "Tonight you look so much like—like someone I used to know." The sad tremor in his voice strangely moved the other's sympathy. He spoke no word—there was need of none, for the man felt the great heart of the boy throbbing for his own pain. After a long silence he began, "My life has been one long struggle and few know of my joys and disappointments. But your youth and happiness bring it all so vividly before me tonight. Oh, the long years that have passed—I was just nineteen when I left the old home and entered the University. Life was worth living; I was ambitious and longed to take my own part in the great world of action. In my Junior year there came into my life a very beautiful girl whom I soon learned to love. Her hair was red with that wonderful glint of gold that your own has." He paused, the moon came up behind the purple mountains and still no word was spoken. Finally he continued, "She was the daughter of an old and eminent family and her father wished to see his only daughter marry both position and wealth. I had neither. Yet this only served to strengthen our love and against her father's wishes she consented to marry me. This was an incentive and I determined to make a home worthy of her. So, as soon as I finished college, I came west in search of wealth. 'Dame Fortune' was kind to me and in a few years I was able to purchase this land and build this home. When all was completed and the house furnished, I made ready for the trip east in quest of the bride who was to make this little paradise home. The day of my departure was bright, with no clouds, and as I rode north from the iron gate yonder, I looked back upon the home until the tower and turret were gradually hidden from view by the trees. In feverish impatience, I urged my horse along for I had to reach Oakland, a distance of twenty-five miles, before nightfall if I succeeded in taking the night train out, due there at eight-thirty. At noon I had reached Skinner's camp where I rested and fed my horse. In an hour I resaddled him and led him to a small stream that flows down the canyon. As he drank, I wandered over to a deep ravine to examine the soil and rock. I instinctively glanced up the ravine and there to my horror crouched the brown forms of no less than eight Umatilla Indians. Before I had time to defend myself, the cruel brutes were upon me. One hard-dealt blow sent me to the ground. With hands and feet bound I was tied on an Indian pony while the chief unceremoniously appropriated my horse. In a few minutes the other Indians had mounted their cavuses and we were stealthily winding our way northward through dense forests. Seven weary days of travel and we finally reached the wigwams of the Umatillas. Here I was held captive for over a year when one day I successfully evaded their watchful eyes and made my escape. The suffering and privation that I endured in reaching the white settlement, near the present site of Albany, can never be described. I had managed to keep the money I had with me when captured, so after buying new clothes and resting a few days, I again started east." He leaned back in the chair with eyes closed, and lips white and quivering. At length he continued, "I was too late—the night of my arrival was also the night of her marriage to another man. She had waited as many women have waited the world over, but no message came. Then, convinced that I had been untrue, she had at last married the man of her father's choice. All the light of my life went out then, happiness faded to a hopeless dream. I saw the years stretching out before me crammed with tasks that I was to accomplish without the aid of the woman I loved. It was useless to return to my home in this melancholy mood, so I made up my mind to take passage on a steamer bound for Europe. I spent many years abroad in a vain attempt to forget the past. But I finally grew tired and returned to this home that, after all, was to be mine alone. I have tried to forget my sore disappointment by bringing cheer and comfort to these poor miners who have worked my claims for years. I have found a measure of comfort at least and have had my happiness in making and seeing others enjoy life."

The boy was frankly crying when the other had finished. For a long time they sat in silence, but as the boy rose to go he said, "I should like my mother and sister to know you." And then with an almost womanly gentleness mingled with loving admiration, he paid his tribute to the wholesome unselfishness of the man's life, "I did not know a man could so turn his own hurt to another's good."

The next evening the crickets and the katydids were chirping in the grass and the drowsy twitter of birds came down from the cedars above. The moon in full glory had come out, almost dissolving the twilight into mid-day and "one by one the angels hung out the lanterns of God in the blue black darkness above to twinkle lovingly, watchfully over the sleeping earth." The man as usual sat in his great arm chair, his whole attitude expressing unutterable weariness and sorrow. The moon shone kindly upon his tired face, the night wind softly touched his white hair. A slight noise on the gravel walk half startled him. Looking up, he saw approaching a slendor, gracious woman accompanied by a tall girl and the boy he had grown to love. The woman's face bore the radiance and purity of the calm night, her hair shone faintly gold in the twilight. As she stood before him the man rose hastily, a great light shone upon his face as he came to meet her, his voice was infinitely tender when he said quite simply, "The boy was right after all, dear heart, when he said the house looked as if it might have been built for his mother. After all the years you have at last come to make it home."

CORA CAMPBELL

Class 1912

Class of 1912

7

OFFICERS

OLLIE BUCKELS .						President
MATTIE ALDERSON	,				Vice	-President
OPHIE MILLER .				Secretary	and	Treasurer
ELIZABETH SHELTON						Artist

COLOR
Gray and Purple

FLOWER Flag Lily

Мотто

"We will get there after a while"

MEMBERS

MAE ALLISON ESTELLE KABRICH Edna Lowi RACHEL BAILEY VENITA BACON HAL PERRY CARRIE BROACH IDA PRESTON VENUS CARTER MARY PULLIAM GRACE CLARK PAULA CAMPBELL CHRISTINE COLEMAN MARGARET SCHWATKA FLORA SONNER Lois Davis INEZ DUFFORD ELIZABETH STOKELY LUCINDA GRIFFIN KATHERINE THOMAS BERTHA HUGHS CHARMIAN THOMAS PEARL JOHNSTON VIRGIE TURNER ALICE JOHNSTON MARY WILLIAMS BELLE WILSON MATTIE JOHNSTON ZOE WAINWRIGHT

SENIOR. TUNIOR SOPHOMORI FRESHMAN.

Sub Freshmen

BLANCHE ARNOLD
NOVELLA BOOHER
LEOTA BROWN
MABEL CALDWELL
ETHEL CLARK
NANCY DAVIS
IRENE EMBREY
ETHEL GORDON

SELMA HARMON

LILLIAN HENSLEY

FONDA LITTLE
MARGARET MCCORMICK
PEARL NELSON
LILLIAN ROBINSON
LORENA SENEKER
NETALINE SHEPHERD
BETTIE SCOTT
ETHEL SMITH
MABEL WARREN
DAISY WILSON



Special Class

 $\frac{\text{Flower}}{\textit{Violet}}$

Colors

Blue and Gold

MOTTO Semper Fidelis

ETHELYN BRASELTON					President
MRS. E. E. PUTNAM					Vice-President
LULLIE RUTH .					. Secretary
Aurora Powers					. Treasurer
Melissa Jennings					. Artist

MEMBERS

MEMBERS	
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SUELLA BURNETTE	EDNA JONES
Leona Copenhaver	JANIE MAE JONES
MAUDE DOOLEY	Melissa Jennings
Annie Garrett	Laurence Roty
LILLIAN GOSE	DAWN LINDSAY
EDGAR GOOD	SARAH MARTIN
Roberta Good	ELIZABETH McChesney
Lala Moore	MRS. E. E. PUTNAM
REBECCA MILLS	MYRTLE ROBINSON
ETHEL MYERS	Maggie Roller
Aurora Powers	LULLIE RUTH
Mae Sanders	SUDIE SPINKS
Mrs. Lois Smith	ALICE TERHUNE
A. S. Wilson	HATTIE STOKELY





Art Department

\$5



MISS BOYD, DIRECTOR

Art Club

Мотто

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again"

FLOWER
Violet

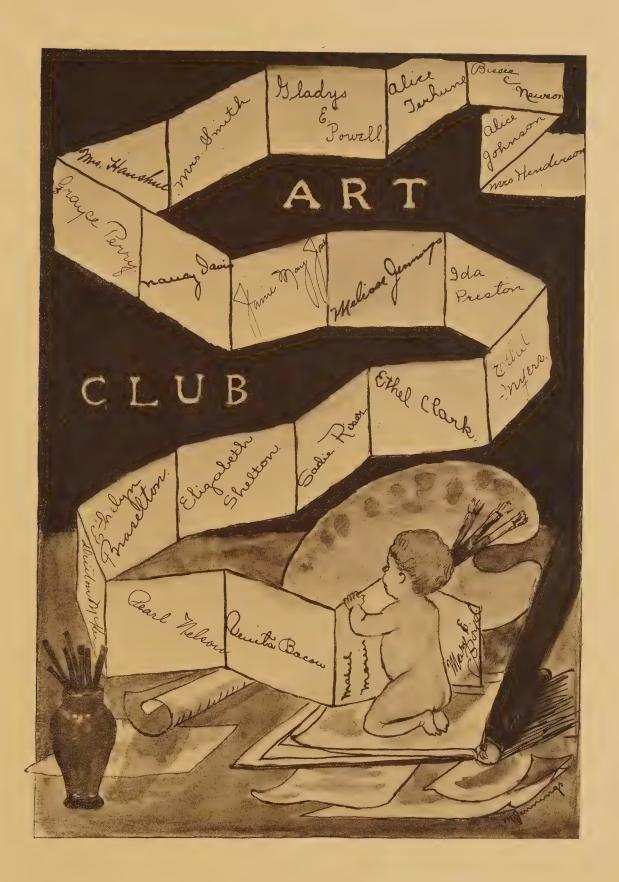
Colors
Violet and Green

OFFICERS

Sadie Riser			10			President
ALICE TERHUNE, MABEL	Morf	RIS			Vice-l	Presidents
JANIE MAE JONES .					Secretary and	Treasurer
MISS MARY E. BOYD .					. Chie	f Advisor

MEMBERS

Name	Her Ambition	State
VENITA BACON .	To be a "Harrison Fisher"	Mississippi
ETHELYN BRASELTON	To be a great china painter	Texas
ETHEL CLARK	To be a "still life" painter	Virginia
NANCY DAVIS .	To be a painter of animals	Arkansas
Mrs. Hanshue .	To be free (?) to study art which is so fascinating, Ma	ssachusetts
ALICE JOHNSTON .	To work in oil Sou	th Carolina
JANIE MAE JONES .	To have a house full of pretty china	Tennessee
Melissa Jennings .	To have a good fairy offer suggestion for "special page"	Indiana
DENTON MCKEE .	To draw from life and sketch from nature	Virginia
MABEL MORRIS .	To study china with Miss Mason	Tennessee
ETHEL MYERS .	To be a Michael Angelo	Virginia
PEARL NELSON .	To paint portraits	Tennessee
Bessie Newson .	To do everything and more too	Alabama
GRACE PERRY	To be a great "pastelist"	Virginia
GLADYS POWELL .	To get out of the studio	Alabama
IDA PRESTON	To talk to Venita	Virginia
SADIE RISER	To work for the "Annual"	Mississippi
Mrs. Smith	To paint tapestry	Georgia
ELIZABETH SHELTON	To be painting china	Virginia
ALICE TERHUNE .	To take home two barrels of china	Georgia
MISS MARY E. BOYD	To see all these ambitions realized	Georgia
	PTO.	





Expression Department

P.



MISS SPIGENER, DIRECTOR

The Princess

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Princess Ida											MARIO	ΟN	ELIZABETH SPIGENER
Lady Psyche													. Lois Davis
Lady Blanche													. HATTIE LOTT
Melissa (daugh	iter o	f Lady	Blan	che)									SUDIE SPINKS
Violet (a pupil	, dau	ghter o	of Ipse	e)									ETHEL CLARK
The Prince													NANNIE CRISMOND
Florian (his fri	iend a	and br	other	of Ps	yche)								FLORENCE CROUCH
Cyril (friend to	the the	Prince	and I	Floria	n)								Bessie Newson
Gama (King, a	and fa	ather t	o Ida)							٠.			Banie Johnston
Ipse (noblema:	n in (Gama's	court	t)									RUBY KING
			1	Punils	. Att	enda	ants	and	Cour	tier	·S.		



of Midsummer-Nights Dreams.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Theseus, Duke of Athens				Ruby King
Egeus, father to Hermia				
Lysander				. NANNIE CRISMOND
Demetrius				
Philostrate				
Quince				Mary Smith
Bottom				Myrtle Robinson
Snug				FLORENCE CROUCH
Snout				Frances Abbott
Starveling				Flora Sonner
Flute				BANIE JOHNSTON
Hippolyta, Queen of Amazo	ns			Nancy Davis
Hermia				Mrs. E. E. Putnam
Helena				HATTIE LOTT
Oberon, king of the fairies				. Mollie Heath Conn
Titania, queen of the fairies				MARY ELIZABETH SPIGENER
Puck, or Robbin Gocdfellov	V			Lois Davis
Pease-blossom				. CHRISTINE COLEMAN
Cobweb				Edna Lowi
Moth				ETHEL CLARK
Mustard Seed				Olive Roberts
Attendant				. LALA MOORE

Presented on the Campus_ may-24th 1909

The Star

And take a certain place,
And with the others help the play
With the expression on her face.
And whatso'er the others did,
That thing she too, must do;
And when the others said, "All Hail"
Why, she must say it too.
Ah, yes! important was her part;
She learned it well, and yet
For weeks before, she worried lest
. She might forget, forget.

At last the time had really come,
The audience is there,
And she is standing in her place,
Her cues, her special care.
She feels, should she forget her part,
The play would surely fail.
Ah, yes! with what expression she
Would say those words "All Hail,"
And while she trembles at the thought,
And feels her cheeks grow hot;
"All Hail," they cry—her cue is past,
And she forgot, forgot!

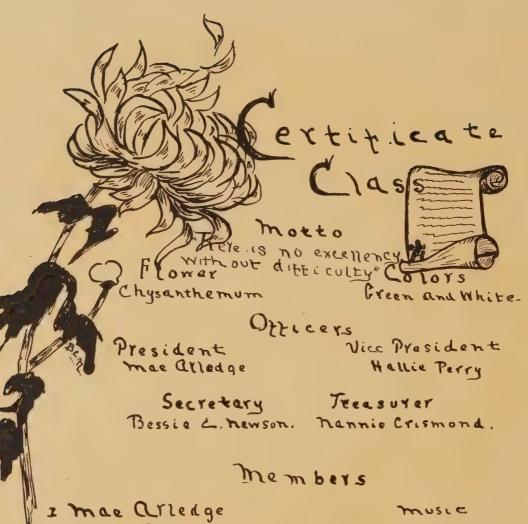
All through the night she weeps and wails,
Harassed by the one thought—
The play had failed, had surely failed,
And it was all her fault.
Ah! could she e'er outlive the dire
Disgrace of that one day;
To think that she forgot the part
And ruined all the play.
Yes, all her life was marred, till death
She'd live with one regret,
That in the midst of all her fame
She did forget, forget!

M. R.

Music Department



PROF. S. T. SCHROETTER, DIRECTOR



music
Voice
voice
Expression
music



a Musical Proprosal 97 9 had a love without and gave my in heart's love to you, It no I were lying between us, and I promised I'd sempre be true, Jome as my bride, Now tell me just what would you do? What would I do? I'd say to, "I'd say to," and I'd Day it allegro allegro. If I were a good looking <> With my nose not so b and my chun not so # and tried to make love to you,
If I should his you
and then em Jou Now tell me just what would you do? What would I do? I'd say ho, I'd say ho", and I'd make you diminuendo. It I had wealth without Silver, and bank II secure, and you should know that at any tempo That it could be yours for sure, Would you then away and houghtely say You'd teek your own Would Ithen away? Well Ishauld say no. But 9'd accept you allegro Allegro. M.R.

Vocal Department

PROF. JEROME F. HANSHUE

Vocal Society

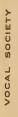
OFFICERS

Prof. J. F. Hanshue					Conductor
MISS SUELLA BURNETT					Vice-President
MISS ALMA CRABTREE					Secretary
MISS KATHERINE TRUMBU	JLL				Treasurer
MISS TRULA KISER .					Librarian

MEMBERS

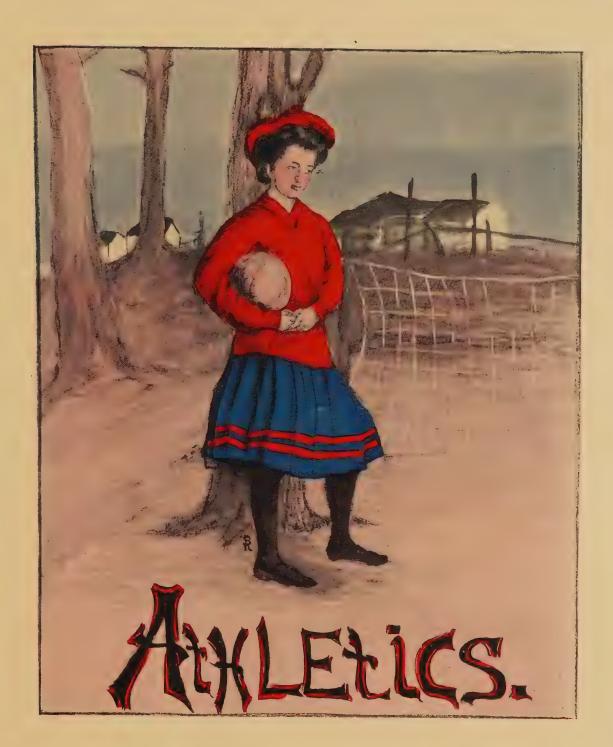
CARRIE BROACH	MABEL MORRIS
SUELLA BURNETT	PEARL NELSON
PAULA CAMPBELL	Bessie Newson
VENUS CARTER	HALLIE PERRY
ETHELCLARK	Aurora Powers
ALMA CRABTREE	Mrs. Putnam
FLORENCE CROUCH	MARY ROBBINS
MILDRED HOLLOWAY	MADGE SMITH
RHEA HUNTER	FLORA SONNER
NINA HAGEY	Emma Stoddard
Trula Kiser	KATHERINE THOMSON
DAWN LINDSAY	KATHERINE TRUMBULL
SARAH MARTIN	VIRGIE LEE TURNER
ZIRLETA MATTHEWS	ZOE WAINWRIGHT

JEANIE WATSON









Athletic Association

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FRANCIS ABBOTT	•		•			Vice-Presiden
Lois Davis .		•				. Secretar
HAL PERRY .						. $Treasur\epsilon$



FLOWER
Flag (Pennant Species)

MOTTO
"Yell for all you're worth"

Colors
Orange and Black

Mabel Morris, Yell Leader

ALMA CRABTREE CORA CAMPBELL MATTIE ALDERSON FLORENCE CROUCH HATTIE ANDERSON BESSIE NEWSON HATTIE LOTT SUDIE SPINKS CLARA HARWOOD LOIS DAVIS MILDRED HOLLOWAY MOLLIE HEATH CONN

Song (Heidleburg)

Here's to the school we love so well, Here's to the flag she flies; Here's to her daughters, the best on earth, Under the southern skies. Here's to Virginia Institute, In honor she'll never lack, Sing her praises both far and wide, Here's to the orange and black.

No. I

Sicca-Laca, Sicca-Laca, Sicca-Laca-Sum, V. I.! V. I.! Yum! Yum!! Yum!!!

No. II

Cannon Ball Yell.
Siss!!!! BOOM! Ki! Yi!
V. I.! V. I.!

No. III

With a vevo, with a vivo, with a vevo, vivo, vum, Johnny get a rat trap, bigger than a cat trap; Johnny get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap.

Hannibal! Cannibal!!
Siss! Boom!! Bah!!!
Institute! Institute!!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Amazons

SUBSTITUTES

MATTIE ALDERSON, FRANCES ABBOTT, SADIE RISER

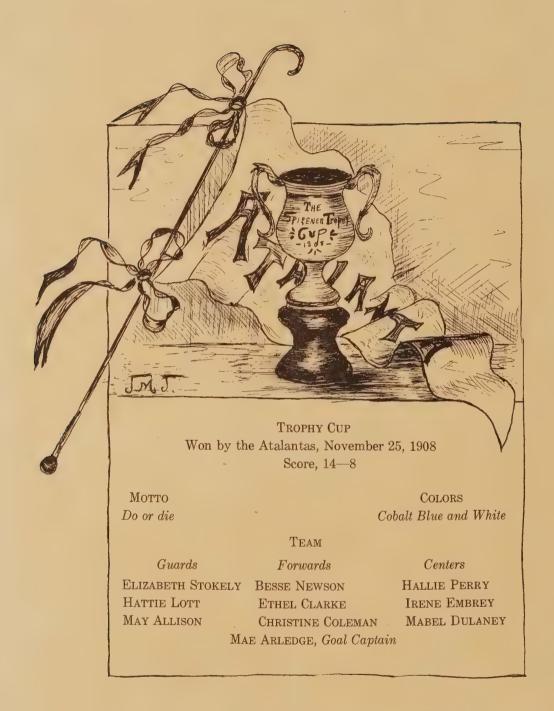
COLORS
Crimson and Gold

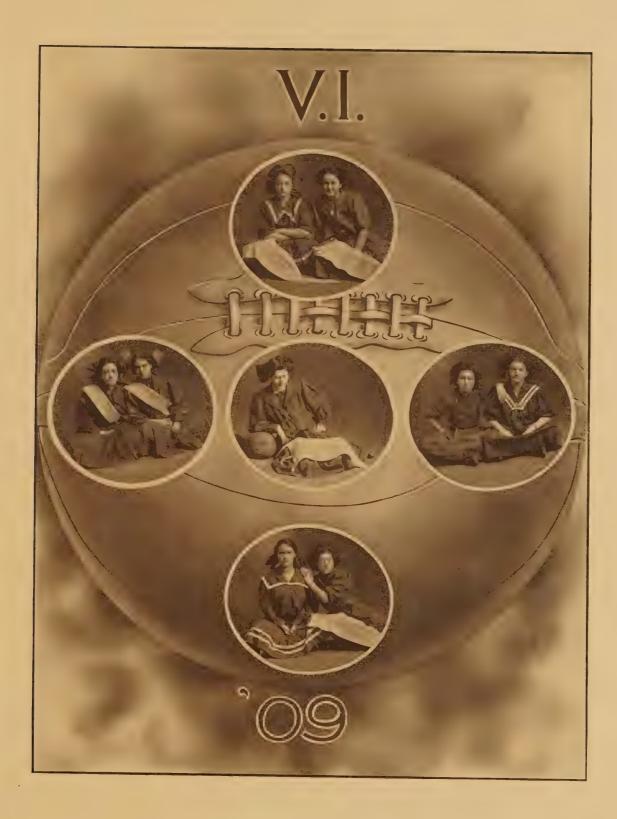
Мотто "Win"

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Amazens! Amazens! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Razzle dazzle! Never frazzle!
Not a thread but wool.
Altogether! all together!
That's the way we pull!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Amazons!!







Invincibles

MOTTO
Pull together

Colors
Plum and Black

TEAM

SELMA HARMON						. Captain
Edna Lowi .					~	$. \hspace{1.5cm} \textit{Goal}$
NANCY DAVIS						. Guard
Belle Lester						. Center
CLARE POWELL						Center Guard
MARY SMITH			٠.			Left Guard
HELEN McGHEE						Right Guard
HATTIE ANDERSO	N					Substitute
GLAYDS POWELL						Substitute
OLIVE ROBERTS						Substitute

YELLS

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, bow-wow, Ching-a-lacka, ching-a-lacka, chow-chow-chow. Who are we, who are we? We're Invincibles, don't you see?

Whang! Bang!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Invincibles, Invincibles.
Rah! Rah! Rah!



Tigers

Cry
Throw for the goal

Colors
Brown and Yellow

TEAM

ANNIE GARRETT					u.		. Captain
KATHERINE THO	MPSC	N					Goal
ETHEL GORDON							Left Guard
ZOE WAINRIGHT							Center Guard
ESTELLE KABRIC	H						Goal Guard
BIRDIE NEWSON	e						Left Guard
OLLIE BUCKLES			1				 . Center
FLORA SONNER							Substitute
OTIE MACKEY			٠.			٠.	Substitute

YELLS

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! Tiger!

None can reach us, ha! ha! ha! None can beat us, ya! ya! ya! Tigers! Tigers! Rah! Rah! Rah!



Teddy Rough Riders

Мотто

"The girl whose horse doesn't run away, May live to ride another day"

COLORS
Tan and Brown

WEAPONS
Whip, spur, pistol

YELL

Bucking bronchos! Long-horned steers! "Teddy Rough Riders" Here's three cheers!

NAMES

MR. S. TEDDY SCHROETTER
MILDRED HOLLOWAY
HATTIE LOTT
RHEA HUNTER
MAMIE ROBBINS
VENITA BACON
CARRIE BROACH
SUDIE SPINKS
ANNIE B. WOOD
SUELLA BURNETT
MARGARET SCHWATKA
ZOE WAINWRIGHT
NANCY DAVIS
ETHEL CLARK
FLORENCE CROUCH





Crimson Crackerjacks

FLOWER
Crimson Rambler

Colors
Crimson and White

MOTTO
"Bat and make 'em better'

CHAMPIONS

ELIZABETH STOKELY
MOLLIE HEATH CONN

MEMBERS

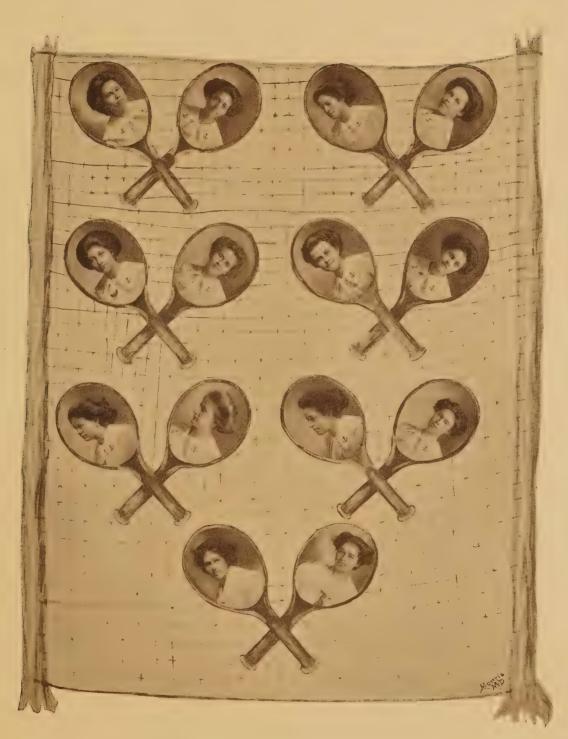
MOLLIE HEATH CONN, Captain

ELIZABETH STOKELY CORA CAMPBELL
HATTIE LOTT VENITA BACON
MABEL MORRIS NANNIE CRISMOND

ZOE WAINWRIGHT ZIRLETA MATTHEWS
KATHERINE TRUMBULL KATHERINE THOMPSON

HELEN McGHEE JEAN WATSON

MARY SMITH



Sutton Tennis Club

Мотто

"Never fuss but raise a racket"

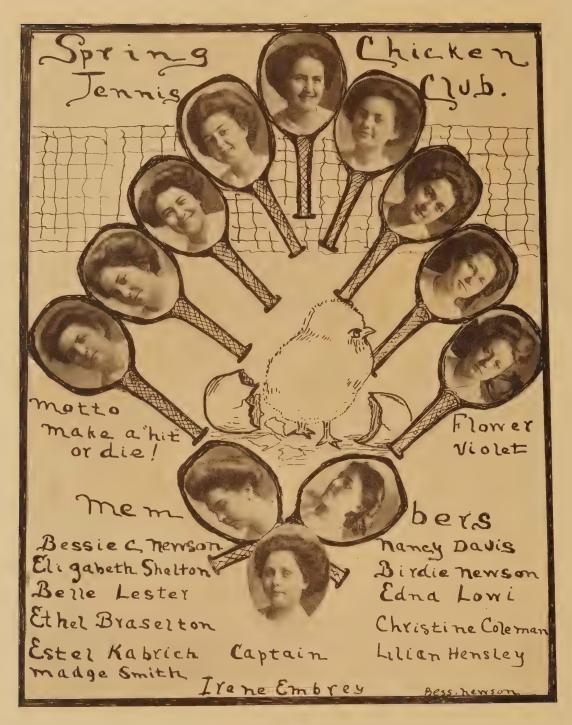
Colors
Green and White

· Members

ELIZABETH SNODGRASS
ALMA CRABTREE
FRANCES ABBOTT
AURORA POWERS
SELMA HARMON
MRS. E. E. PUTNAM

MARY ROBBINS
GRACE PERRY
MAY ALLISON
ETHEL CLARK
CLARA HARWOOD
MAE ARLEDGE (President)







BUSINESS DEPARTMENT







Literary Societies









Coline Literary Society

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RHEA HUNTER

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. Secretary

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HATTIE LOTT KATHERINE TRUMBULL . Treasurer

Third Term

MILDRED HOLLOWAY . . President MARY ROBINS . Vice-President CORA CAMPBELL . . Secretary ZIRLETA MATTHEWS

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RUTH WILLIAMS

The Return

ŵ

Out on the quiet of the great ocean all was perfectly calm and at rest. The pure rays of light from the afternoon sun came down unobstructed in the pathway and touched the quiet waves with glints of gold. Off in the infinite distance on all sides, the soft blue of the unmarred sky met the cool green of the water and blended in perfect harmony.

Amid the stillness of the watery waste an ocean liner ploughed its way, leaving only the delicate white spray to mark its course. The white and gray columns of smoke from the steamer arose as if reluctant to leave the vessel, and, approaching the white fleece of the clouds, mingled with them until neither could be separately discerned.

On the uppermost deck, which in itself was secluded, a man sat. He was well dressed in a suit of gray, with a soft cap of the same color pulled snugly down over a dark head. His face was neither handsome nor ugly, yet appealingly attractive in its strength, in the predominating intellect that showed clearly in every feature. It was the face of the best type of college man, of a man who had worked hard, lived right, profited by experience, and seen some beauty in everything.

He sat alone, away from the usual crowd of noisy tourists returning home after a summer abroad. Over his face had settled a look of deep gloom and depression entirely out of keeping with the perfect day. His eyes were fixed steadily, yet unseeingly, on the stretch of water beyond, for the man was evidently lost in thoughts none too pleasant. Brought suddenly back to the present by the sound of the dinner gong, he slowly arose from his seat. Until today he had not ventured into the dining-room and even now he wished he might stay away, for he had no desire to meet or even see the other passengers. He did go down, however, and quietly took his place. Not until he was seated did he realize that the place next to his own was vacant. Here was a little respite at any rate. He fell to speculating on the possible occupant. If it should happen to be a woman he would at least have to show her those little attentions which no well-bred man may neglect. He sincerely hoped if anyone came it would be a man, for then he would not feel duty bound to try to be entertaining. As the occupant did not appear, however, he appropriated the place to his own use and comfort. At dinner on the third day he noticed that the vacant place had been laid with especial care and concluded that for this time at least he had better occupy only his own territory. Quite naturally he wondered a little about the newcomer, and at once decided that he would not show his curiosity by looking up when the person in question did arrive. Yet, no sooner had he made the resolve, than he was attracted by something strangely familiar in the presence. No longer able to resist, he raised his eyes. He saw only a half turned head whose waves of golden hair were pushed softly back from the smooth white forehead, long curved lashes falling over the pale cheek and fringing eyes which looked demurely down. Yet conscious of his gaze they were finally raised and looked into his own. The man showed that he was startled and with a note of mingled surprise and awe in his voice he addressed her: "You here?" he exclaimed incredulously. "Good evening, Mr. Braxton," she answered in her usual calm and steady voice.

There was a moment of dreaded suspense. It was the man who broke the silence. "Why haven't I seen you before? You haven't been down to your meals nor up on deck—I didn't even see you when we came on board." She smiled faintly, "I was late, as usual. In fact I almost missed my passage. I haven't been quite ship-shape since then, so I had to stay in my stateroom." He looked at her anxiously, noting her paleness with evident concern. "I'm sorry," he said simply. "I hope you're going to be all right now." She sat down to her dinner. He tried to turn back to his own untasted meal but it had lost all relish for him. In a short time the girl arose to go, Braxton arose directly after and, picking up the cloak which she had nearly forgotten, placed it on his arm. She was leaving the room but a few steps brought him up with her. "I'm going up and you are too?" he said. "Yes, for a while," with a slight note of astonishment in her voice. He helped her up the short stairway. How good it seemed to perform even this slight service for her! There was still a faint line of the closing day apparent in the sky when the two reached the open deck. He looked quietly about, then led her to a comfortable chair. After wrapping a rug snugly about her, he took the place by her side. "Thank you. Wonderful night, isn't it? So like-.." She broke off suddenly, then said after a moment. "I believe I'd rather be up here alone. You don't mind, do you?" She spoke so kindly that he could not take offense. The soft twilight touched her features gently, the light cloak thrown back from her shoulders revealed the soft clinging dinner gown, the night wind ruffled her hair gently and carried the faint breath of roses to the man by her side. Her beauty, her evident weakness after being ill appealed to him strongly. He got up and looking down at her said, "You'll let me see you again in the morning though?" "I shall be down for breakfast," was the demure answer. He had meant to ask for a long talk, but now with a quiet "Good-night" turned and left her.

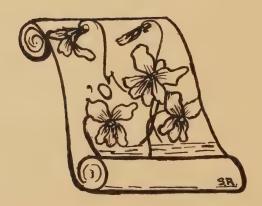
The old moon rose high over the vessel, the myriad stars came twinkling out and the dark waves beat softly against the boat. On the far side of the deck, unlighted save where a few faint moonbeams found their way, Edith Underwood sat, just as Braxton left her. Her girlish figure reclined gracefully in the large chair, her hands rested idly in her lap. She had been dreaming, had lost herself to years which had long since passed. With what ease her memory carried her back to the time when the love of her art took its first firm grasp on her soul. Lovingly, lingeringly, she lived over the dear old college days. The first year with its hard work, the second when hope and ambition faintly whispered of a career, the third, when her teacher frankly confessed that she was equalled by her pupil and bade her seek new fame in a wider sphere. Then a year of steady study in New York and after that—Europe! She smiled a trifle wistfully as she thought of one tiny note among the many letters that had come to wish From the Eolines, her literary society of college days—they had always her new success. been proud of their "artist" and had not forgotten to wish her "bon voyage." Her heart throbbed again with the mad intoxication of those first perfect days abroad. They had gone first to England, then over to France. Those delicious days spent in wandering through long galleries where every creation was a masterpiece! Rouen! Among other happy remembrances of that dear old place, came the memory of her first meeting with Robert Braxton, and the cordial friendship that had sprung up between them. But those dear days as all others had come to an end at last. She, with aunt and uncle, had gone on to Paris, content with simply wandering through the Louvre and Luxomberg. Then had come Switzerland with its exquisite mountain and lake region and then Munich and finally Cologne, where she had met Braxton again. One glad day there together, then she had hurried on to Leipzig and Berlin while he had gone south. Braxton's friendship had not meant much to her then, when she had been so absorbed in everything going on around her. Several months later she had met him again. Then in May they had spent a few weeks at Ems, a quiet

resort in Northern Germany. Those days had been so full of happiness, long delicious spring days, full of sunshine and blossoms and fresh May showers, when all the world was fair and "life was in its morning." Then Braxton had asked her to marry him. She thought dreamily how she had refused him for the sake of her beloved art. She told him frankly that marriage did not appeal as strongly to her as her life work. He had not urged his suit but had taken her decision in a most manly way. His manner had not changed in the few days that had followed, and she had been truly grateful for his thoughtfulness. Her way had led to the north. He had crossed over to England. They had written a few friendly letters, but finally they had drifted into silence. Then had come that unaccountable listlessness and loss of interest. She had wandered aimlessly through the long galleries in vain search of their old inspiration. Ambition had grown dormant, a vague spirit of unrest had seized her, vain longing for something, she knew not what, and an intolerable home-sickness. She had struggled vainly to overcome this aimless longing, had fought the battle over so often until in utter despair she had at last given in and started home. With a start the girl wondered vaguely why Braxton with a troubled look she arose and with a half anxious look noted that the deck was deserted. The moon high overhead told of the lateness of the hour. Drawing her cloak more closely about her to keep off the chill evening breeze, she quickly made her way below.

Breakfast the next morning passed off pleasantly. Braxton had spent the entire morning on deck in vain watching for the girl and had finally gone down to a solitary lunch. A stiff breeze had been blowing all day and had increased with the afternoon hours. By four o'clock the heavy dark clouds hung low over the vessel. The outlook was rather gloomy and the old white-haired captain predicted a slight storm. Braxton quite naturally supposed that Edith would not venture out into the open. But the girl, who as a child had braved any punishment in order to feel the "rain come down" was not to be frightened by a storm now. Something in its sullen gloom and wildness appealed irresistibly to the unrest in her own soul. On her way up she met Braxton. "You surely aren't going out in this weather, Miss Edith?" "Why of course. It's my first chance of seeing a storm at sea," she answered quite simply. Without another word the man turned and went with her. In a protected corner he found a chair and settled her comfortably. They were silent, her eyes resting on the far off horizon, faintly visible in the half-gloom, his watching hers. Without looking around she finally began with a questioning note in her voice. "I thought you were going to remain in Europe until the close of the year." "I intended staying when I told you so." Something in his voice warned her. She turned quickly and with intuitive suspicion of something wrong, saw his face grow white and a strange look come into his eyes. "While staying in Oxford a little over a week ago," he resumed, "I received word that my father had died." The man paused, but did not look at the girl by his side. Not a line in his face had changed. Her voice was low and wonderfully womanly and tender when she said simply, "I am sorry." "My home coming, of course, could not be other than sad. Yet I shall be glad to get back for now I shall have a definite place to fill. It probably will be hard, but I'll stick to it for the sake of him who left it." "You can do it," she told him with a quiet note of encouragement in her voice. After a few moments he turned to her, "And you? Why are you coming back?" In an instant all the tenderness vanished from her eyes. With an apparent frankness that only masked the vagueness of her reason, she replied, "I suppose I'm homesick. At any rate, I wanted to get back." Further questioning only called forth more indefinite answers. The dinner gong proved a welcome interruption. Braxton got up slowly and looked down at her questioningly, She did not stir. "I'm not going down this evening," she said when it finally became necessary for her to say something. "But surely you won't stay up here. The wind is increasing. It really looks as if it were going to be a pretty stiff storm fter all." "Don't worry," was the careless answer, "I shall not stay if there is any danger." For an hour or more she sat thinking of Braxton, of his father's death and the change it would necessarily make in his own life. She was roused by a mighty roar of wind and water and in a moment realized that the storm was on in all its fury. She resolutely fought off fear, yet again and again returned the sickening doubt that perhaps Braxton was right in warning her of danger. The rain beat upon her fiercely, the wind almost took her off her feet and the brilliant flashes of lightning revealed one billow after another advancing fiercely upon the vessel. Then suddenly a great peace came upon her soul, all doubt and fear fell from her; even the storm had no terror. An uncertain shape wavered in the dim light before her. As it drew near she gave a low cry. The cloak fell back from her shoulders, her hands were outstretched. "I was waiting for you, Robert," she said, half sobbingly, "for I knew you would come." Two strong arms closed firmly around her—a brown head bent over a light one.

The tumult of the storm had ceased. The waves beat subduedly against the vessel. The clouds had left the sky, peace was once more everywhere and far away in the west the evening star arose.

KATHERINE TRUMBULL







Harrisonian Literary Society

MOTTO Spectemur Agendo

		*
Colo	RS	
Red and	White	

FLOWERS
Red Carnation

OFFICERS

First Torm

			r usu	1611	10						
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ALICE RODGERS .									Vice	-President	
ALMA CRABTREE .										Secretary	
MARGIE SHUMATE										Treasurer	
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TRULA KISER .										Critic	
HATTIE ANDERSON							Corre	spo	nding	Secretary	
Second Term											

TRULA KISER				Corres	spone	ding	Secretary
CALLIE JOHNSON							Monitor
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GRACE PERRY							Librarian
RUBY KING .							Treasurer
HALLIE PERRY							Secretary
FRANCES ABBOTT							President

Third Term

OLLIE BUCKLES .					. President
ELIZABETH SNODGRAS	S				Vice-President
HATTIE ANDERSON					. Secretary
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Frances Abbott					. Critic

ESTELLE KABRICH							Monitor
Mabel Dulaney				Corre	espor	iding	Secretary

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NANNIE MAE WITTON

Shelley-The Idealist

"Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty, pictured in his mind."

HERE are certain luminaries in whose flames critics delight to singe their wings. Goethe and Heine, Shelley and Rosetti, have been and will remain stars to fascinate, perplex and overcome many a critic moth. And of all these, perhaps there is none, who in his genius and personality, is at once so perplexing and fascinating as Shelley. He is worshipped, he is abhorred—he is upheld as a demigod and abjured as a sweet voiced demon; his teachings are preached with fervor from the house tops and are denounced with equal vehemence from the neighboring summits.

It is left for time and posterity to decide which of the two opinions will prevail—whether the genius of the poet will fade and give place to the socialist-philosopher, or the beautiful singer be succeeded by the politician.

"Mad Shelley;" "the immortal child;" "a creature of impetuous breath;" "a beautiful and ineffectual angel." These are some of the epithets that have been applied to Shelley. In them is brought out what is most striking in his personality, his visionary idealism, his ingenious earnestness, his passionate love of truth and beauty, his high ethereal spirit, unconscious of bodily existence.

At the time of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley, strange rumors were afloat and disturbed the minds and consciences of men. France was in a ferment of vague hopes and fears and all Europe vibrated with an electric breath of revolution. Even in England, guarded by the sea from the immediate inflow of a more ungovernable tide than that of the ocean, men spoke with bated breath of what had happened and what was then on the forefront of the time. It seems a significant fact, that Shelley, "the poet of rebellion," was born at a moment when all the stars of tumult and revolt fought in their causes against the established order of things, spiritual and temporal. The spirit of the times seems to have been imbibed in his very nature in a remarkable degree. It became manifest in earliest childhood and death found him with the same unflinching uncompromising spirit. Lymands says of him—"The cardinal characteristic of his nature was an implacable hatred and antagonism to shows and conventions. Born in the stronghold of squirearchial prejudices, nursed amid the trivial platitudes that then passed in England for philosophy, his keen spirit flew to the opposite pole of thought with a recoil that carried him at first to inconsiderate negation. His passionate love of liberty, his loathing of intolerance, his impatience of control for self and others, and his vivid logical sincerity combined to make him the Quixotic champion of extreme opinions. He was too fearless to be wise, too precipitated to suspend his judgment, too convinced of the paramount importance of iconoclasm, to mature his views in silence. With the unbounded audacity of youth he hoped to take the fortress of "Anarch Custom" by storm at the first assault.

Shelley had no faculty for compromise. Brimming over with love for humanity he was

deficient in sympathy with the conditions under which it actually thinks and feels. If he could dethrone custom, he argued, the Millennium would immediately arrive. He did not stop to think how different was his own soul from the countless multitudes around him. In his adoration for the living he had no reverence for the past. The principal of evolution had no place in his logic. The spirit of the French Revolution, uncompromising, shattering, eager to build in a day the structures which long centuries of growth must fashion, was fresh upon him.

Shelley's own household was characterized by the same spirit of revolt and uncongeniality which was so evident without. He had back of him a long line of ancestors who had, as Prof. Dowden says, "made themselves conspicuous by their devotion to falling or desperate causes," an assertion which becomes of especial significance when we remember how strenuous Shelley ever was in his defiance of tyranny and his adherence to unpopular sides of national In fact this is one of the great principles underlying his whole character, and is brought out stronger perhaps than any other in his life. This desire to put down all tyranny and to relieve the oppressed, led him to many rash and unwise actions, strikingly shown in his early and hasty marriage with Harriette Westbrook, which Shelley himself declared was not the outcome of love, but because she was persecuted and unhappy. Harriette could not have appealed to him more strongly, for the desire to alleviate the woes of suffering humanity was his strongest passion. It seems like the irony of fate that one so engrossed in relieving others from suffering and persecution, should himself be the victim of such overwhelming sorrow. It was Shelley's fate to be misunderstood, mistreated and even expelled from society. His early school days were days of torture and bitter experiences. A touching record of his boyish sufferings is found in the prelude to "The Revolt of Islam" and no doubt refer to his unhappy days at the Sian House.

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine; dear friend when first The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass. I do remember well the hour which burst My spirit's sleep: a fresh May dawn it was, When I walked forth upon the glittering grass, And wept, I know not why; until there arose From the near school-room voices that, alas! Were but one echo from a world of woes—

The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

"And then I clasped my hands and looked around But none was near to mock my streaming eyes, Which poured their warm drogs on the sunny ground: So, without shame I spake: "I will be wise, And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies Such power: for I grow weary to behold The selfish and the strong still tyrannize Without reproach or check." I then controlled My tears; my heart grew calm; and I was meek and bold.

Many years later when the poet had to manhood grown and experienced to its depths that of which he had a taste in youth, we find him expressing the same thoughts in Adonais,

that poem of remarkable beauty and mysticism. As he represents others who had loved and admired the dead poet, Keats, he says of himself—

"Midst others of less note, came one frail Form, A Phantom among men, companionless."

* * * * * * * *

His head was bound with fancies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear tapped with a cypress cone
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the meek hand that grasped it. Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart,
A herd—abandoned hart, struck by the hunter's dart."

A more beautiful picture of the poet could scarcely be found, nor one which lays bare so feelingly the depths of his soul.

Shelley's faith has been the subject of much speculation. However, it is certain that it cannot be classed entirely under any one known religion. It is one of Shelley's own, perplexing, mystical, idealized creations, that sustained him in his flight toward the region of the impossible and the unattainable, where his spirit constantly dwelt. He cannot be called an Atheist, although he is often thought of as being one, and Shelley's name and Atheism are oftentimes linked almost inseparably. He had a faith, and one which made his ideals seem possible, a faith which made it a duty to overthrow idols, faith in the gospel of liberty, fraternity, equality, faith in a love which rules the universe; in the divine beauty of nature, "faith in the omnipresent soul whereof our souls are atoms, and in affection as the ruling and co-ordinating substance of mortality." A man with a faith like this cannot, in the common acceptance of the term, be called an Atheist. He says when he applied it to himself, that he used the word Atheism "to express his abhorrence of superstition, he took it up as a knight takes up a gauntlet, in defiance of injustice."

Shelley believed firmly and intensely, almost passionately in his religion, a creed that had no Gcd because it was all Gcd. He was convinced that he needed only to break down the images and inventions already established, for the glory he had and which shown around him, to break forth and flocd the world with beauty.

Symonds says, "Shelley can only be called an Atheist in so far as he maintained the inadequacy of the hitherto received conceptions of the Deity, and indignantly rejected that moloch of cruelty who is worshipped in the debased forms of Christianity. He is an Agnostic only in so far as he proclaimed the impossibility of solving the insoluble and knowing the unknowable."

Dominated from his boyhood onward by an intense ardor of enthusiasm in the cause of the suffering and the oppressed he was more anxious to do some little good in his day than to sing the most beautiful songs. He would fain have followed Christ, but not as the Christians do. To work for suffering humanity; to break down the barriers of castle and prejudice, to help to "inaugurate the new kingdom of righteousness," in strict accordance with the socialistic doctrines of the Nazerene—to an aim such as this he would have gladly solely devoted

his life. His faith was neither logical, scientific nor consistent, but fervently felt, and penetrated with the whole life-force of an uncomparable nature—in a word, it was ideal.

In Alastor we find him seeking his ideal beauty, the passionate quest which haunted his dreams by day and night. "The veiled maid," the unattainable leads him on and on, over hill and dale, over stony and rough paths, until he lies down to die, turns his face to the sinking moon and realizes that ideal beauty is unapproachable in human life. Alastor was the finest and most pathetic of Shelley's portraits of himself and portrays the dreamy and solitary side of his nature.

"I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasures of believing what we see
So boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

His landscapes and water-waves are such as were never seen by mortal eye. The blank verse is beautiful and majestic. Even Milton who excelled in sonorous names has not given us a passage to surpass the following:

"The awful ruins of days of old;
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, and the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk.
Or Jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Aethiopia in her desert hills
Conceals."

What sound and majesty in the lines describing the windings of the Caucasian cavern! What dignity and beauty in the close of that invocation to nature—"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood"—

"Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms, and deep noonday thought,
Has shown within me, that serenely now
And waveless, as a long forgotten lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forest and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man."

He sets forth his ideal faith and philosophy in "Queen Mab," perhaps the most idealistic and visionary of his poems. Should we compare the character and incidents with anything which the earth has to show, we should be tempted to say that the author had never seen a human being.

"The Fairy's form was slight, you fibrous cloud, That catches but the palest tinge of even, And which the straining eve can hardly seize When melting into eastern twilight's shadow, Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star That gems the glittering coronet of morn Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful, As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form Spreads a purpureal halo round the scene, Yet with an undulating motion, Swayed to her outline gracefully. From her celestial car The Fairy Queen descended, And twice she waved her ward Circled with wreaths of amaranth. Her thin and misty form Waved with the moving air, And the clear silver tones As thus she spoke, were such As are unheard by all but gifted ear."

"Queen Mab" is the Fairy Queen whose knowledge of things past, present and to come, is all embracing. The mortal whom she visits in Ianthe, whose soul is withdrawn from her body and ascends in Mab's magic car. They reach the Temple of Nature and mentally survey the ancient empires of Syria, Egypt, Judea, Greece, Rome and Carthage. Ianthe is taught what lessons of humility and hope to draw therefrom, and is then instructed upon the evils of the present; the crime of kingship; the atrocity of war; the tyranny of priests and rulers; the primal evil of religion; then comes the praise of necessity, the true religion, faith in which is incompatible with a belief in a personal God or future punishment; finally the future is foretold. The magic car descends and Ianthe's spirit is reunited with her body. The aim and purpose of the poem is to attach dogmatic religion and social state. Shelley's ideal love is prominent on every hand and in the notes to "Queen Mab" we find-"Love withers under constraint, its very essence is liberty; it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear: it is most pure, perfect and unlimited where its votaries live in confidence, equality and unreserve." He also writes—"Love is the universal thirst for communion, not merely of the senses but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative and sensitive." With him love is immortal, yet nevertheless changeable.

> "Love the misdirected is among The things which are immortal."

Shelley was a revolutionist; he believed the world could be reformed, and social regeneration of man was his theme. He believed that regeneration lay within man himself and he had only to will the good and no evil could exist. His favorite subject was the warfare between these two forces, the good suffering intense torture, yet filled with patience and fortitude, fully assured of the ultimate victory in the perfection of man. He shows this in "Prometheus Unbound," and to fully understand and appreciate his views we must ever keep before us this idea, that Shelley believed in absolute liberty in everything, forgetting that absolute

liberty is incompatible with law. He could not reconcile the idea of a God of love with a God of vengeance. To him obedience to any power was cowardly, and to spend his life in doing homage to a God as revealed by the priests of his day, was revolting. He looked upon religion as professed and above all, as practiced, as hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues which make men brothers. In "Prometheus Unbound," Prometheus, the idealized humanity, and earth, his mother, hurl anathemas with all their might, at all powers whether earthly or heavenly.

Earth—"And our almighty tyrant with fierce dread Grew pale until his thunders chained thee here." Prom.—"Pity the self despising slaves of heaven Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene."

And the third act closes with-

"The loathsome work has fallen, the man remains Scepterless, free, uncircumcised, but man— Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king Over himself—
The loftiest star of unascended heaven Pinnacled dim in the intense wave."

His ideas are abstract, more like mythological impersonations than human, yet it is held within the limits of the general cause of mankind. It holds a unique place in literature, nothing like it has ever been written, or ever will be—it is a lyrical, passionate dream of the perfect "social ideal."

William Watson calls him:

"Shelley, the cloud begot, who grew Nourished on air, and sun and dew, Into that Essence whence he drew His life and lyre."

"The cloud begot"—we could scarcely find a more beautiful or expressive word picture of the poet than this, and it gives us a real picture of this very unreal man. This "cloud begot" spirit moved in his realm until he

"Was fittingly resolved anew
Through wave and fire.
"Twas like his rapid soul. 'Twas meet
That he who brooked not Time's slow feet
With passage thus abrupt and fleet
Should hurry hence
Eager the great perhaps to meet
With Why? and Hence?"

There are some few souls whom we may call stars of the spiritual firmament; sure and lasting have been their testimony to the realities of life. In Shelley there is a testimony of like kind,

with less of substance and definition, but more of ethereal lovliness. He is like the dewdrops of his song which

"became a mingled mist

And wanders up the vault of the blue sky,

Outlines the moon and in the sun's last ray

Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst."

From boyhood the water and the deep mysterious blue of the sea had a peculiar fascination for Shelley. When a mere child he would spend hours making paper boats and setting them out in the brook, watching them entranced until one and all would go down. It seems almost a prophecy of his own sad embarkment in life and his ultimate end.

Shelley had a premonition of his early death and often spoke of it. In his ode "Written in Dejection near Naples," this is brought out in a way that immediately becomes significant and has a prophetic strain.

"Yet now despair itself is widl,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breath o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

His last hours were spent in the composition of the "The Triumph of Life," which, had it been finished, would have doubtless ranked second only to "Prometheus Unbound." It is a vision of the triumphal procession of the powers of life dragging captive the spirit of man. The poem ends abruptly with the words, "Then what is life I cried," a significant sentence, as Mr. Symonds says, since "the question was about to seek its answer in the halls of death."

Nature took him, "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." While the waves were closing over him and ending his life forever his spirit must have cried, "What is Life?"





Old Dominion Club







FLOWER
Virginia Creeper

Colors
Orange and Blue

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TEMMESSEE

Мотто

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COLORS
Orange and White

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Мотто

"Nostrae Civitatis Fama Semper Vivat"

FLOWER Magnolia

Colors

Yellow and White

CHIEF PASTIME
Chewing Sugar Cane

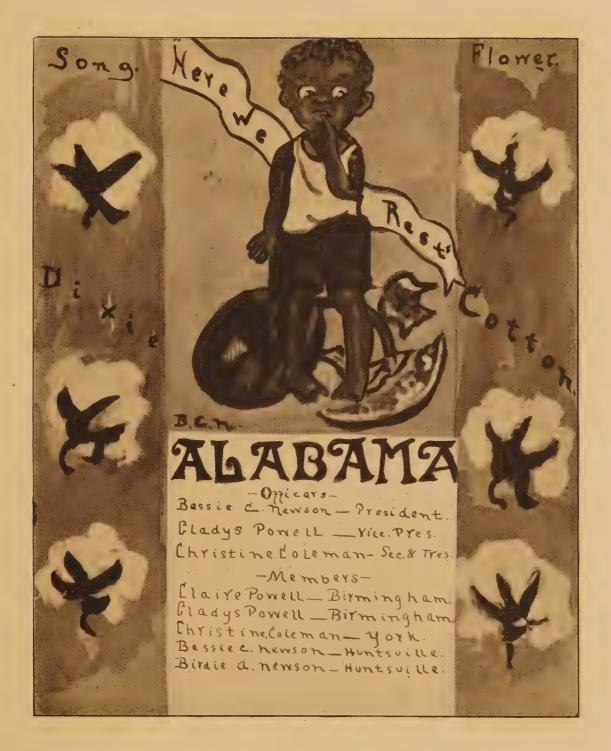
CHIEF OCCUPATION
Picking Cotton

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KATHERINE THO	MPSO	N		Kosciwsko
ZOE WAINWRIGHT	Г			. Stonewall
RUTH WILLIAMS				Hermanville

MISS MARION ELIZABETH SPIGENER "Our Mississippi Mother," "Ubique"



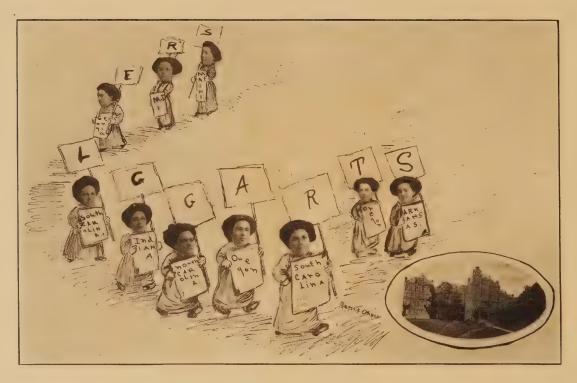
Texas Club

ZIRLETA MATTHEWS . President KATHERINE TRUMBULL 1st Vice-President FLORENCE CROUCH 2nd Vice-President MARY KIMBROUGH Secretary JEAN WATSON Treasurer MILDRED HOLLOWAY Poet ETHELYN BRASELTON. Artist MRS. FOWLER Our Lady of the West

> We hail from western prairies, Where the sky is wide and blue, Where life is worth the living And all hearts beat strong and true; That land of bucking bronchos, Where the cowboy ropes the steers; That western land of legions, That shall live through all the years. We hail from dear old Texas, With its wild historic lore, Its tales that tell the story Of the heroes gone before. Our hearts are filled with rev'rence For those patriots now at rest, And ever we shall strive to be True daughters of the West.

> > M. H.





Colors
Violet and Gray

FLOWER Violet

Мотто

"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield"

Nancy Davis . Cora Campbell . ELizabeth Scott Callie Johnston .	•	· ·		•			~
		ME	MBER	es.			
CORINNE PUTNAM							South Carolina
CORA CAMPBELL .	. :						Oregon
CALLIE JOHNSTON						:	. South Carolina
FRANCES ABBOTT		. `					Maine
MARGARET SCHWATK	Α						Maryland
NANCY DAVIS .			· .				. Arkansas
ELIZABETH SCOTT							. Georgia
Paula Campbell					٠.		Oregon
VIRGINIA TURNER				٠			North Carolina
MELISSA JENNINGS							
ALICE TERHUNE .		٠.		•			Georgia



A. T. Z.

Мотто

"Do unto others, as they'd like to do you; but do them first"

Colors FLOWER Yellow and White Daisy

MEMBERS

MOLLIE HEATH CONN						``Moll"'
HATTIE LOTT .						"Muck"
PAULA CAMPBELL						``Poll"'
CORA CAMPBELL .						
ZOE WAINWRIGHT						"Zutes"
SUDIE SPINKS .					6	'Hi Lang''
MR. S. T. SCHROETTER	3					"Schret"



Tau Sigma Delta

Colors
Violet and Gold

FLOWER Violet

MOTTO "Nomen Omen"

SORORES

EMMA STODDARD .							Virginia
RHEA HUNTER .							Tennessee
MILDRED HOLLOWA	ΑY						Texas
KATHERINE TRUMP	BUL	Ն					Texas
JEAN WATSON .							Texas
ZIRLETA MATTHEW	S						Texas
MABEL MORRIS .							Tennessee
SUELLA BURNETT,	Hor	norai	ry				Tennessee



Q. O. C.

Мотто

"To be good, is to be lonesome"

Colors
White and Black

FLOWER
White Violet

GEM
Moonstone

EMBLEM
The moon

HELEN P. McGHEE

With her blue eyes
That shine like the morning sky;
With her sunny locks
That hang on her temple like golden fleece.
Affections are as thoughts to her,
But her silence says that never will—

VENITA L. BACON

With an eye dark as night, Yet than noon-day more bright, It can thrill with a glance; With a beam can entrance. Was ever a brown eye so keen? And full of all mischief; I ween.

CARRIE C. BROACH

With a toss of the head,
That strikes one quite dead,
But a smile to revive one again;
That toss so appalling!
That smile so enthralling!
That says—"touch me, who dare?"





Lovers' Club



COLORS
Gold and Crimson

FLOWER Galax

Мотто

Two souls with but a single thought Two hearts that beat as one.

YELL

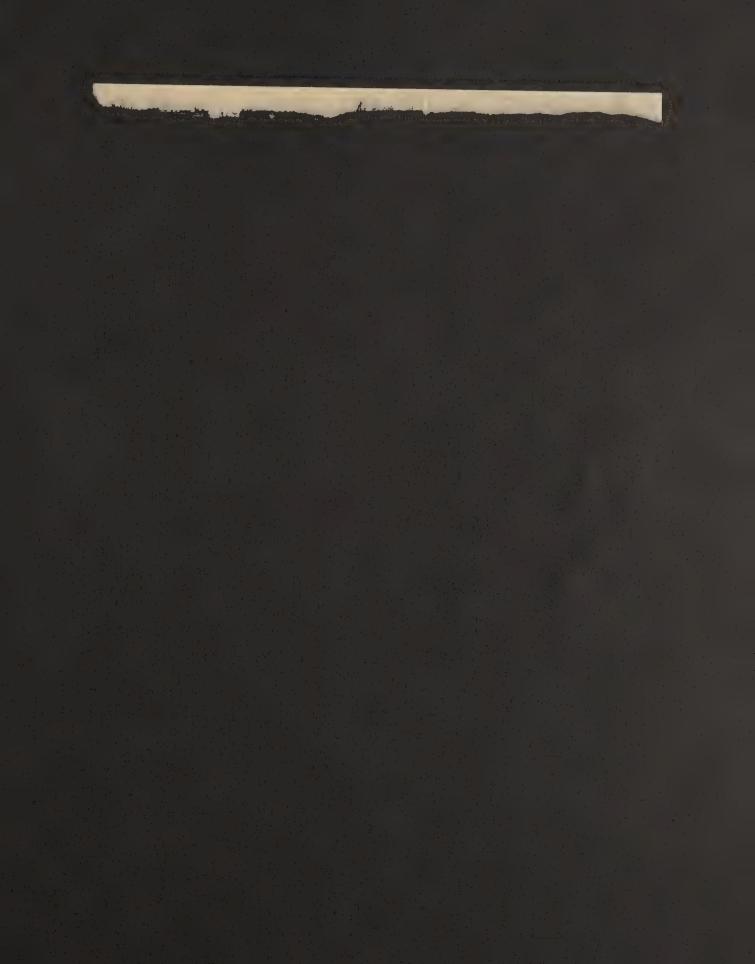
Two little girls,
Two little girls,
Two little girls are we;
Two little girls,
Two little girls just from school you see.

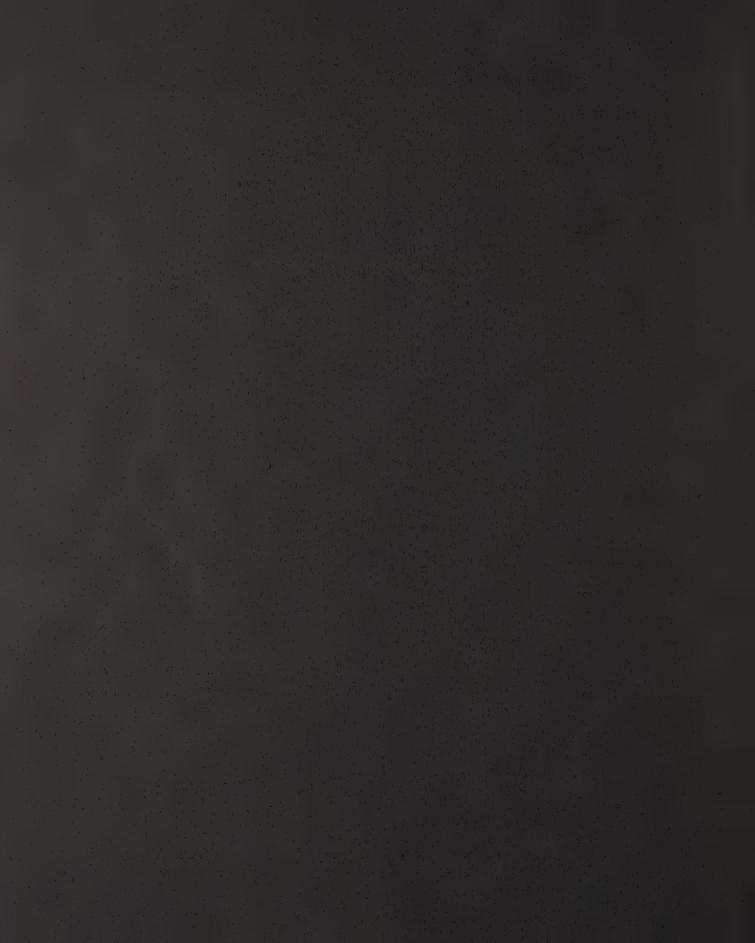
The Twin City Cousins



MOTTO ""
"Birds of a feather flock together"

	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Bira	is of a	x Jea	tner	<i>т</i> юск	t toget	ner		
FRUIT										FLOWER
Orange										Orange-blossom
	CARMEN HAMILTON									. President
	BANIE JOHNSTON									
	CLARICE HAMILTON									. Secretary
	Mable Caldwell									. Treasurer
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	MA	ARY WILLIAMS						TIE .	NSTON	





P. W. C. A.

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E feel that our ANNUAL would be incomplete without some mention of the organization which adds such tone to the moral and spiritual upbuilding of our school. The Y. W. C. A. is rightfully our most important organization. In it the girls come together and discuss without restraint their aspirations and ideals. There is an opportunity for the weak to become stronger and for the already strong to develop more and more through the power of service.

This year our Y. W. C. A. has had quite a vigorous life and its wholesome influence has been felt by every member of the school. The revival services conducted by Rev. W. W. Hamilton, in February, contributed much toward the reviving of Christian spirit among the students in general, as well as giving new impetus to the Association work.

In February, Miss Olooah Burner, one of our field secretaries, paid us a very pleasant visit. She had many words of encouragement for us as well as new plans to suggest for more systematic work.

We had one delegate at the summer conference last year who came back full of enthusiasm from that great meeting. We hope to be represented more fully this year.

Another channel through which we secured inspiration was the Students' Council, held at Farmville State Normal in November. Two delegates represented us there and brought back glowing reports of the success of the council.

On the whole, we have had a very successful year, not so good perhaps as we had desired, but let us press onward encouraged by the promise that "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Logic

A tree has bark and limbs. A dog has bark and limbs. . . . a tree is a dog (wood).

An elephant has a trunk.

Moll has a trunk.

. . . Moll is an elephant.

"Supie's" voice is heavenly. Heavenly things are unearthly.
. '. Supie's voice is unearthly.

Silence is golden.

A whisper is nearly silence.

. . . a whisper is nearly golden.

But Helen's hair is nearly golden.

. . . Helen's hair is the color of a whisper.

Precious stones belong to the mineral kingdom.

A "Nelson pearl" is a precious stone.

. ' . a "Nelson pearl" belongs to the mineral kingdom.

But all human beings belong to the animal kingdom.

A "Nelson pearl" belongs to the mineral kingdom.

. ' . a "Nelson Pearl" is not a human being.

A gentleman is one who has no definite means of support. Mr. S. T. S. has a definite means of support. . . . Mr. S. T. S. is not a gentleman.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Sudie is the meekest girl at V. I.
. . . Sudie shall inherit the earth.



When trouble after you does chase, Why smile, and stare her in the face, And she will hurry from your sight; A smile will fill her full of fright.

Smiles will banish every woe, So look for them where'er you go; For every day you should be gay, And scatter sunshine on your way.

When worry hustles after you And gives the world a dreary hue, A smile will drive her far away—So let your laughter muscles play.

Sudie S.—"Why don't you paint your china next summer?"

Mabel M.—"I haven't a kiln."

Sudie S.—"Why don't you 'kill' them next winter, when you come back to school?"

Virgie T.—"Who was Noah? Oh, yes, he destroyed something—the world, wasn't it?"

Mildred H. (on the campus)—"What star is that over there?"
Jean W.—"I don't know: I never have studied 'mythology.""

Mr. Henderson was giving out the names of bugs, when he gave out loathsome—Cora C.—"What kind of a bug is that?"

Paula C.—"I have just had a letter from one of my very best friends at Belmont college. She is in very poor health, and don't you believe she has been in the 'informatory' ever since she came from the inauguration."

Corinne P.—"What are the debates for at King College?" Hattie A.—"To celebrate the anniversary of their societies." Corinne P.—"The resurrection you mean, don't you?"

Sudie to Madge—"Look here at my picture! Don't you think I look like I'm getting ready to descend into heaven?"

Sadie R. says she is going to have her house furnished in "missionary" furniture.

WANTED INFORMATION—By Katherine Thompson—to know to whom the ANNUAL is to be "dictated."

By Florence C.—Who the "President" of the ANNUAL is? By Gladys P.—Who the "Pastor" of the Y. W. C. A. is?

WANTED

By Katherine Trumbull—A Street "Carr."

By Helen McGhee— A "Kyte."

By Birdie Newson-A "Lockett."

Lorena S.—"What did you get for a birthday present?"
Nannie W.—"Nothing, except a nice Keeley Cure Set (manicure).

Aunt Julia—"Say, Miss Suella, Mr. Schroetter is going to have a 'expection' next week." Suella—"Aunt Julia, you mean a reception." Aunt Julia—"Oh, yes, I mean a 'perception."

Lillian to Margaret—"Look here at this wild cat!"

Margaret—"Why, that is no wild cat—that is a lynx—haven't you ever studied botany?"

Katherine Trumbull was heard to say one day: "I'm going to elope, if I have to run off and get married."

Mary S.—"Do you think Mr. Schroetter affected?" Helen McG.—"No, I think he looks real healthy."

Paula C. (looking at a drawing of George Washington)—"Isn't that an excellent portrait of Longfellow?"







Virginia Institute

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